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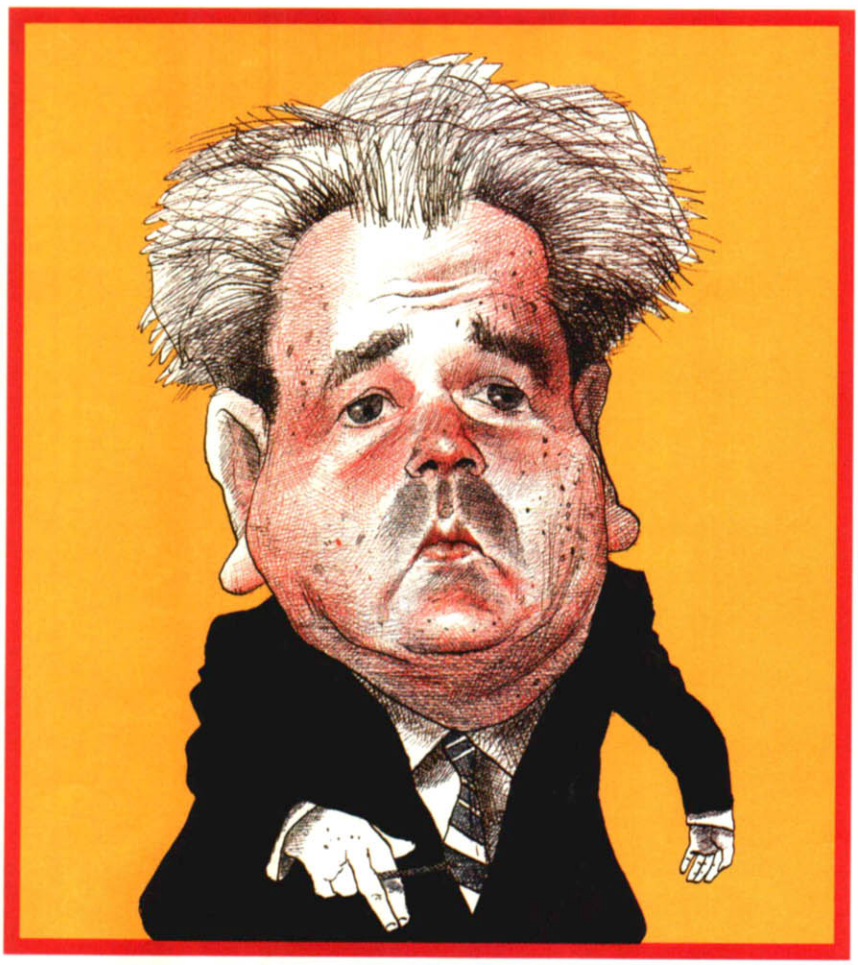

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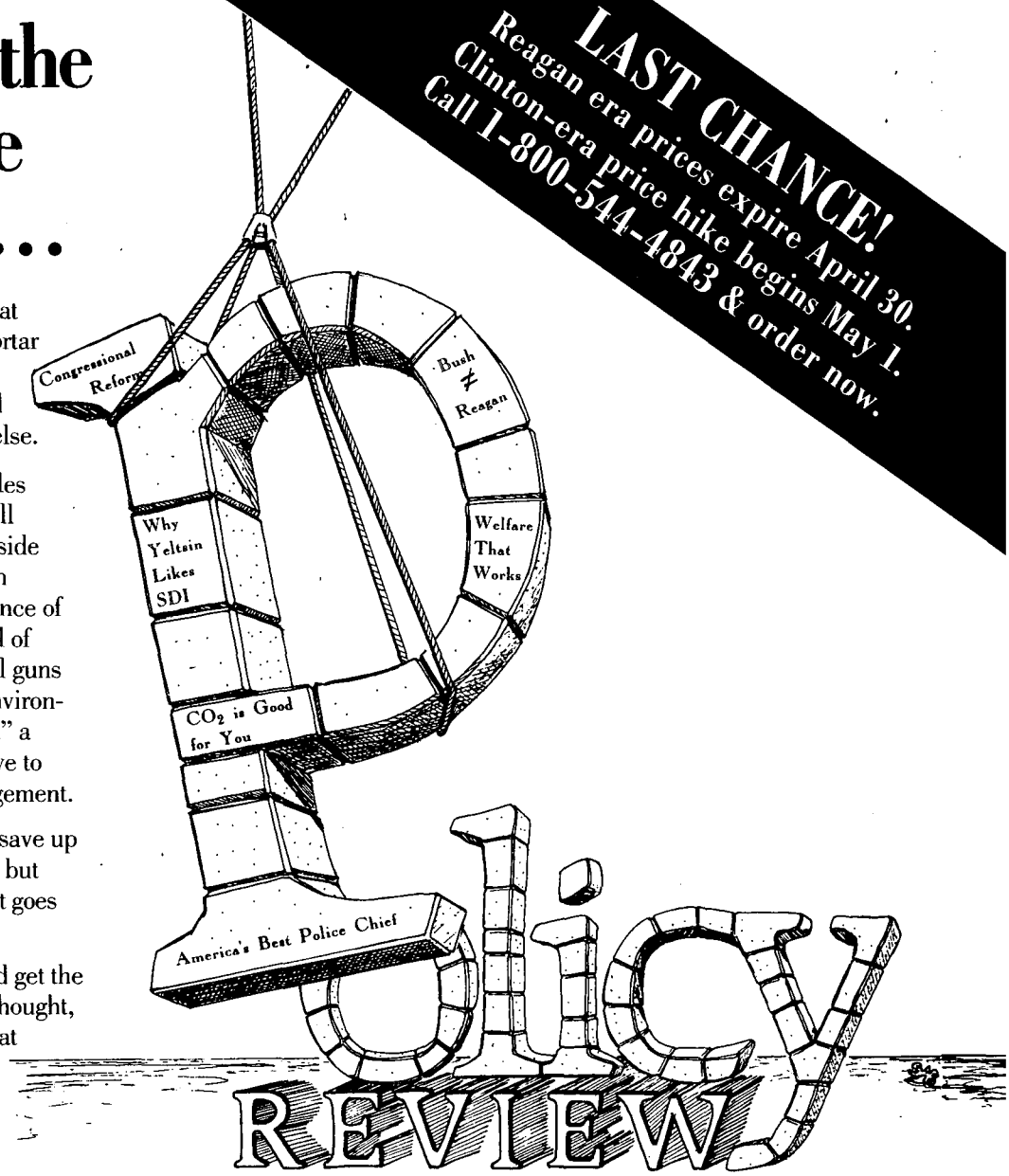

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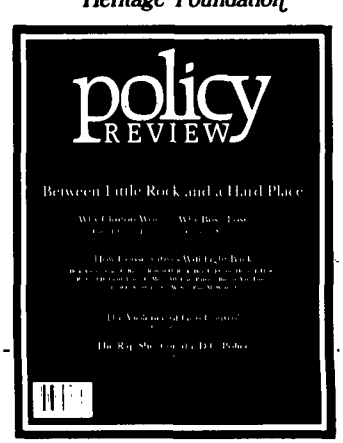

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Hamas and the Muslim Fundamentalists

Was Israel justified in expelling 400+ of their leaders?

The U.N. Security Council, unconcerned apparently about dreadful things being perpetrated in many parts of the world, "strongly condemned" Israel for the temporary expulsions of 400+ Hamas terrorist leaders, and threatened sanctions. In order to be able to judge Israel's actions, the world must understand who and what Hamas and the Muslim fundamentalists really are.

What are the facts?

A fundamentalist terror organization. Hamas is a Muslim fundamentalists terror organization. Hamas ideology combines pan-Arab religious and fundamentalist principles with radical Palestinian aims. It insists that "all of Palestine—from the (Jordan) river to the (Mediterranean) sea is holy Arab territory" and that its "liberation" is the immutable aim of the movement. Autonomy for the Palestinian Arabs, or even a Palestinian state, as proposed by the P.L.O., are totally unacceptable or at best tactical steps in the "liberation of all of Palestine."

Terror also against fellow Arabs. A basic ingredient in the ideology of Hamas is the use of terror, not only against Israeli Jews, but against all who oppose its political and religious zeal and ideology. Hamas has killed hundreds of Palestinians, usually in the most gruesome manner and often in front of their families, for being "collaborators" with the Israelis or for suggesting political solutions to the "Palestinian problem" that are not in full accord with Hamas' ideology. But Hamas and the Islamic fundamentalists are not foes of just Israel. They are in mortal conflict with all secular Arab regimes. Some years ago, Iraq's Saddam Hussein boasted that he (personally) had shot 600 of "those traitors." In 1982, in response to a fundamentalist uprising, President Assad of Syria ordered an all-out assault in which an estimated 20,000 people were killed. During the 1988 riots in Algiers, the army unceremoniously shot and killed between 150 and 300 demonstrators. Similar bloody scenarios have been replayed in Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and other Arab countries. There was never any public outcry. The media largely ignored those events, and there was certainly no emergency meeting of the U.N. Security Council.

> "A basic ingredient in the ideology of Hamas is the use of terror, not only against Israeli Jews, but against all who oppose its political and religious zeal and ideology."

Expulsion, a legitimate punishment. Different countries have different customs and different laws. In the United States, we have the death penalty—by hanging, lethal injection, firing squad, electric current, or poison gas—which is considered barbaric in much of the world, including Israel. The Arabs have public beheadings and amputations, which we consider to be beyond the pale. The Israelis, having adopted their laws from the British mandatory power, punish with expulsions for certain serious crimes.

There are those who insist that the expulsions of the Hamas terrorists are in violation of the Fourth Geneva Convention. But the Convention was composed to prevent repetition of the crimes of the Nazis, who, to serve their manic purposes, transported entire populations (or their survivors) from one end of Europe to another. And the Convention clearly states that "...the occupying power may undertake total or partial evacuation...if the security of the population...demands it." Certainly, Israel, just as any other country, has the right to self-preservation and the duty to protect its citizens.

It is clear that Israel has shown and continues to show a forbearance towards those who have vowed to destroy it that no other country would have shown. No other western country would tolerate such open sedition and armed insurrection. The fact that the Israelis have allowed the so-called intifada to survive for so many years, that they have expelled for only limited terms the 400+ leaders of the Hamas terrorists, is testimony to Israel's humanitarianism. Can the world imagine what Israel would do if Syria, for instance, would expel the Jews still remaining in that country? Israel would immediately take them in of course, just as it has taken in hundreds of thousands of other refugees and expellees from Arab countries.

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Volume 26 Number 4, April 1993

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

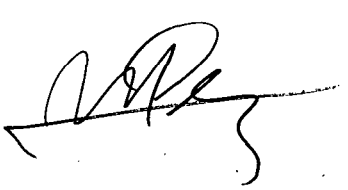
by

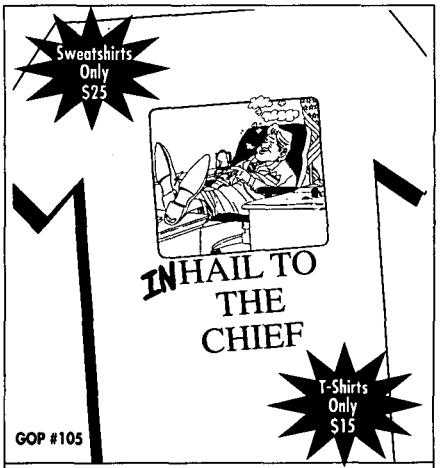
Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

AS HOLLYWOOD IN AN EARLIER ERA might have said of our rogue president, he speaks with forked tongue. Which explains why both *Time* and *Newsweek* called the tax-and-spend-and-tax program previewed in his February 17 State of the Union guest lecture a "revolution," the *New York Times* preferring "vision," and the *Washington Post* opting for economic "rescue" mission (as in you have to destroy the economy to save it). Amazingly, the press still gives occasional voice to the woman in the street, in this case Peg Grimes of rural Ohio, who told the *Times*: "He can flip the numbers any way he wants to make them say anything he wants." She must have heard the president on February 15 announce: "Change must begin at the top. That's why I cut the White House staff by 25 percent . . ." Another woman who heard that claim is Zelda Novak, a former White House employee who double-checked Clinton's numbers and found the "cuts" in White House staff overstated by up to a factor of five. (See "Paper Cuts," page 34, part of our ever bleaker "Clinton's America" department.) Even more revealing, as Miss Novak reports, what few genuine cuts there were came at the expense of the sort of unprotected low-wage workers Clinton says he's ready to die for. If his symbolic actions are a sham, imagine the devastating magic Clinton will work on matters of substance.

THE MEDIA GOT A BIG KICK when Clinton, in one of his clever State of the Union ad-libs, taunted the Republicans for laughing at his reference to the "independent" numbers of the Congressional Budget Office. What they didn't report, as Edward McFadden did in these pages last November, is that a former CBO staffer directed the Democratic National Committee's opposition research team during the 1992 campaign, following up on all the advance work the CBO had done on behalf of its Democratic clients in trying to overturn free-market Reaganomics. The press's taunting of Clinton's conservative critics continues apace, as they are dismissed as captious, carping, wistful, lonely, theological, out of touch, and intellectually barren. But talk, as Clinton proves daily, is cheap and readers of "Politics" columnist Grover Norquist's report on the freshman class in the House of Representatives are likely to reach a different conclusion about the conservative condition (see "Congress's Feisty Frosh," page 38).

IF, AS MR. NORQUIST SUGGESTS, conservative reinforcements are causing Republican politicians to show an unexpected taste for political combat, it's about time that an outfit like the feminist PAC Emily's List appeared in their sights. In her exposé of the biggest PAC spender of 1992 (see "Emily's List: Chicks With Checks," page 20), Susan Hirschmann pays special attention to a technique these women have perfected known as "bundling." It goes without saying that in Clinton's America, this practice has nothing to do with keeping infants warm.





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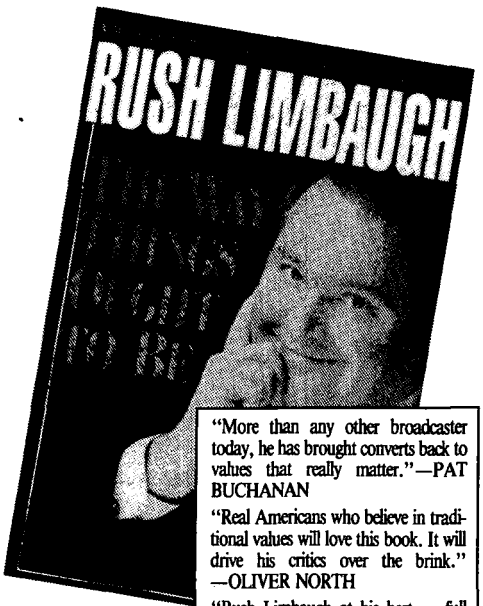

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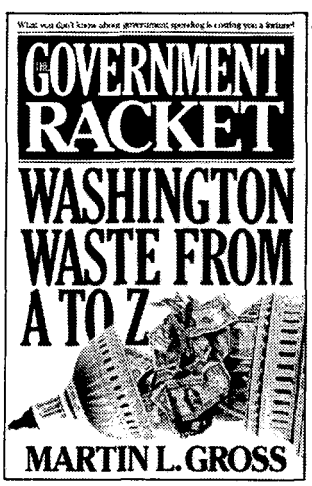
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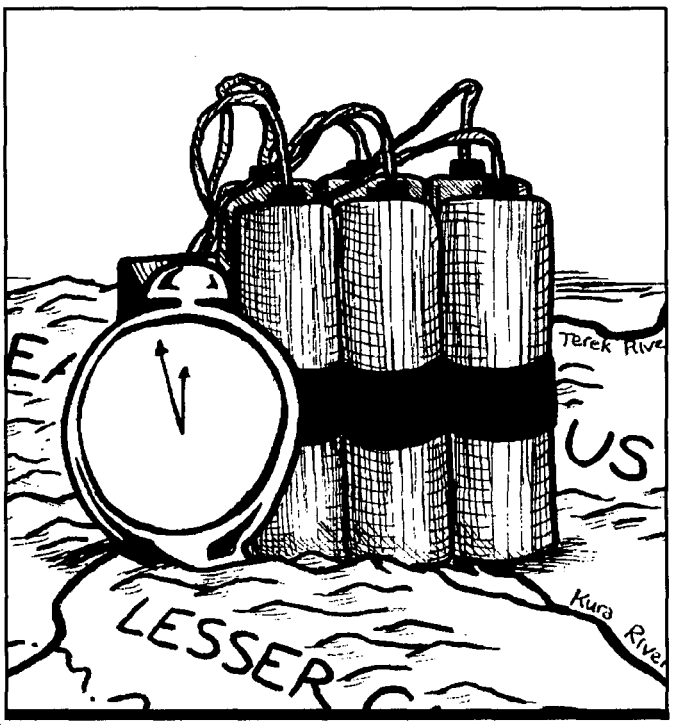

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• February passed thus: on February 15 President Bill Clinton outlined his economic plan in a nationally televised address. On February 16 the stock market dropped 83 points.

• In religious news, Mr. Ronald Mason, Imperial Klaliff of the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, has apologized to the United Methodist Church for the unauthorized appropriation by some of his Klansmen of the church's logo, which incorporates both cross and flame in an admittedly fierce symbol. In Mount Pleasant, Texas, city manager Mr. Clay Collins's superabundant curiosity has gotten him in hot water. He has had to resign his high post after admitting that he drilled a peephole between the men's and women's comfort stations in City Hall, and three female frequenters of the second floor toilet intend to pursue the matter in court lest the rogue "escape with a clean record." February witnessed a continuation of last month's outbreak of anti-Hinduism in New York State. Last month there were over 100 cows poisoned in Canastota, New York. This month the New York Department of Sanitation reported an outbreak of garbage truck thefts. More than eleven of the majestic machines have been filched since last August and vanished without a whiff. In Miami, a federal agent—still unidentified—arrested a Mexican zoo official who was attempting to smuggle a stolen gorilla from the United States. The agent had disguised himself in a gorilla suit and secreted himself in a cage, which Mr. Victor Bernal, 57, director of zoos and parks for the federal district of Mexico, intended to transport into Mexico until the disguised agent produced his credentials, causing Mr. Bernal to scream and attempt an ill-considered escape.

• With the most brilliant intellect since Jimmy Carter seated on the American throne, the realms of the American intelligentsia are in a veritable rapture of renaissance. Mr. Dick Kirby of Orchard Park, New York, bested defending champion Mr. Walter Parrott of Doe Run, Missouri, in the 17th annual National Wild Turkey Calling Championships. Sociology students at Franklin University, upon discovering Mr. Carnell Cobb and Miss Penny Rush cohabiting amorously in a common trash bin, pitched in and paid for the couple to have a church marriage and honeymoon before returning to the garbage bin. The marriage was performed by the Rev. Harry Anthony, a 45-year-old student and man of the cloth. Whilst the newlyweds were on holiday, their garbage bin was emptied and refilled three times, assuring the couple of a fresh supply of greens and piquant fragrances. Yet pockets of Republican benightedness remain. Just before the beginning of Black History Week at Williams College, it was discovered that anti-black slurs scribbled on the entryway of Williams College's Black Student Union were actually the work not of Whitey but of Mr. Gilbert Moore, Jr., a student of color. Mr. Moore was suspended from the school despite his indignant protests that he had clandestinely posted the epithets as part of a class project for his course on anarchism. The Black Student Union that exploited the slurs for days after being notified that they were the work of a fellow black has also been placed under a white cloud. Finally, the National Endowment for the Arts can forget about receiving grant proposals from Mr. Fred Kennedy Glenn, the admired practitioner of the postmodern plastic arts. Mr. Glenn's career was put on hold after police in Atlanta, Georgia, charged him with involuntary manslaughter in connection with the death of Miss Sophia Pastel, a 33-year-old transsexual. Mr. Glenn was injecting silicone purchased from an auto supply store into the callipygian Miss Pastel so as to enlarge her shapely buttocks when she suddenly and without warning croaked.

• On February 5, Congress passed Bill Clinton's family leave bill, and Dr. Aaron R. Folsom of the University of Minnesota School of Public Health reported that women's waist-hip ratio is a more accurate indicator of a woman's longevity than the more commonly used height-weight calculation, and the former measurement is a great way to meet girls. Secretary of State Warren Christopher (not to be confused with Christopher Warren) declared that the United States would use "the full weight of American diplomacy" to assuage conflict in Bosnia, whereupon he flew to Beirut and seemed to have disappeared completely by the end of the month. Secretary of Defense Les Aspin entered the hospital complaining of chest pains. At Berkeley, that undergraduate Adonis who had immobilized campus authorities by padding the campus stark naked in protest of "social repression" was finally expelled thanks to the ongoing evolution of Liberalism. Originally Liberal devotion to free expression restrained campus authorities from suggesting that the naked student even wear a deodorant. But now neurotic feminists' complaints of sexual harassment have superseded free expression as a Liberal value and so the authorities expelled their tormentor for sexual harassment. Once again we see that the only enduring Liberal political value is not freedom, not order, but disturbing one's neighbor—in this case, the Naked Neighbor.

• In Ottawa, Ontario, the United Church of Canada suspended the Rev. Christopher Bowen for posing naked and turgid for a homosexual magazine. The Rev. Bowen's suspension is for six months, during which he is to undergo psychological tests. Prayer was not mentioned. NBC admitted that it had furtively set off incendiary devices beneath a General Motors truck to demonstrate the combustibility of GM gas tanks. The National Cancer Institute released a study suggesting that lesbians have a higher incidence of breast cancer, in part because of their well-known contempt for mammograms and many other forms of modern communication. After his failures in nominating Mrs. Zoe Baird and

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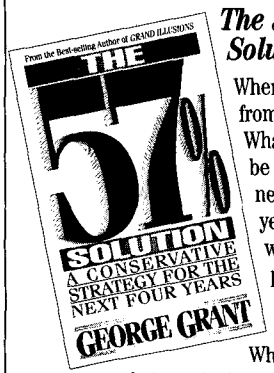
Judge Kimba Wood as attorney general, President Clinton tendered the name of Miss Janet Reno, a Florida prosecutor with a decidedly more conventional life-style. She is nulliparous, and in no need of nannies. In another nasty skirmish in the battle between the sexes, a Frenchman successfully had his girlfriend indicted for poisoning him after she, an AIDS carrier, inadvertently infected him with the HIV virus during a session of "tough love." Mr. Arthur Ashe died of AIDS contracted from a blood transfusion. Two paragons of the Imperial Judiciary perished: Judges Gerhard Gesell, 82, and David Bazelon, 83. Both died of natural causes. And in Perugia, Italy, Mr. Ferruccio Lamborghini, 76, builder of luxury speedsters, shuffled off this mortal coil.

• The condom cabal suffered a grievous setback when New York City Public Schools Chancellor Joseph Fernandez was let go by the New York Board of Education on February 10. Yet the evangels of the sex manual, the condom, and children-of-the-rainbow zoo sex were greeted by some good news in chill February. Fifty-eight-year-old Dr. Joycelyn Elders is coming to Washington as President Clinton's Surgeon General, and she is bringing her "Ozark Rubber Plant" with her. The aforementioned educational device is, in truth, an ugly floral design sprouting condoms from its stalks, which this insufferable windbag has kept on her desk at the Arkansas Health Department. There she has been health director for five years, presiding over a staff of 2,600, duds who can boast the second-highest infant mortality rate of any state, the sixth-highest rate of primary and secondary syphilis, the twelfth-highest rate of gonorrhea, and a dozen other health calamities too disgusting to mention. Through all these years no photographer has ever managed to snap a picture of Dr. Elders with her mouth shut. A note attached to her Rubber Plant reads "Blooms mostly at night. Blooms vary in length, depending on owner. Blooms may wilt in chilly atmosphere." When Dr. Elders does take up her safe sex campaign in Washington, do not be surprised if she imports from Russia Mr. Boris Zolotov, the respected faith healer. He has been traveling Russia instigating orgasms in Russian women that carry with them no threat of communicable disease or impregnation. He uses mental telepathy, fills a room with Russian cuties, asks "Who wants an orgasm?" and through powerful dirty thoughts of the utmost cogency brings the women to climax without ever touching their persons.

• *Crisis*, the journal of lay Catholic opinion, observed its tenth anniversary and made Mr. Michael Novak editor-in chief. At the end of the month the largest, most high-spirited, national meeting ever of the Conservative Political Action Conference awarded *The American Spectator* its accolade for journalistic excellence. Why the high spirits? Well, there is confusion in the Republic. President Clinton is raising taxes to assuage the federal deficit and raising spending to jump-start an economy now growing at 5 percent. As for his Co-President, boasting of her exquisite concern for the nation's health, she is banning smoking from the White House and urging the admission to our shores of immigrants infected with the AIDS virus. Happy Days are here again!

—RET

Where Do We Go From Here?



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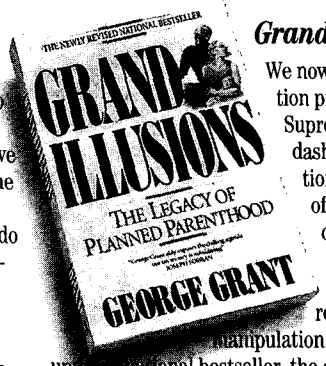

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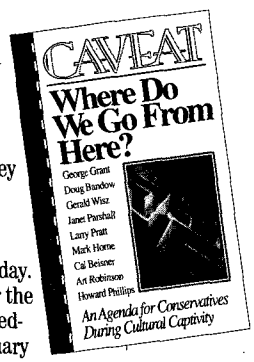

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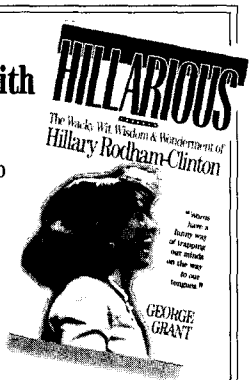

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All You Can't Eat

Sandy Hume's gustatory guide to Clinton's Washington was informative ("All You Can Eat," *TAS*, February 1993), but I believe the President, his Partner, and the American people also have a right to know about the innovative McDonald's at 1909 K Street, N.W.—waddling distance from the White House.

During Inauguration Week, this McDonald's introduced a new sandwich called the MegaMac. The MegaMac has the same infrastructure as the Big Mac, but it replaces the Big Mac's flimsy beef wafers with two strapping quarter-pound patties. The 1909 K St. McDonald's also has done something right for our times by reinventing the french fry. The technique is a closely guarded secret, but the chefs at 1909 K have devised a way to engorge their fries with nearly three times as much grease as the average amount at other McDonald's outlets. Elvis Presley would not be in Heaven today had it not been for similarly innovative restaurateurs in Memphis.

I hope you'll give 1909 K Street's break-the-mold McDonald's its rightful place among today's profiles in the courage to change. *—Joseph P. Duggan*
Washington, D.C.

Man in the Grey Flannel Suit

Enjoyed as usual your cover on the February issue, done by David Turner, of the new secretary of state, Warren Christopher.

I was surprised, however, that Christopher was not pictured in his light grey worsted or medium grey flannel suits, often with white stripes and wide lapels, which make him stand out in a sea of navy-blue suits like something out of the Eisenhower era.

So far, it looked to me like that's all he stands out on, but Daniel Wattenberg's article enlightened me on his mediocre record as a "Hard-Line Appeaser."

—Hanna D. Maynard
South Pasadena, Florida

Holy Cow!

Regarding Grover Norquist's "The Real Mandate" (*TAS*, February 1993): I admit Mr. Norquist writes from a tax-question perspective. In spite of that viewpoint, to ignore the results of the election in Iowa when considering what "winds" are blowing is regrettable.

In Iowa, the only state considering an Equal Rights Amendment, President Clinton won quite handily while the ERA lost. This in spite of a flood of out-of-state "Mother's Milk of Politics," i.e., money, at the close of the campaign.

—Harry D. Oakley
Holstein, Iowa

Grass Tactics

"Clinical depression" is how Tim Ferguson describes the demeanor of conservatives in California as a result of the 1992 election (" . . . And I'll Cry if I Want to," *TAS*, January 1993). He raises the question whether these results can be interpreted as a rejection of conservative values by the voters.

My answer is that it is too soon to throw in the sponge. Having walked precincts and spoken to civic and church groups on behalf of candidates and initiative propositions, I have the impression that the electorate has a solid conservative element in it. Why, then, did it vote against Republican candidates and propositions? Probably because the electorate was confused about complex issues and its perplexity made it vulnerable to manipulation of symbols over substance.

It is important to understand that Governor Pete Wilson's welfare-cutting Proposition 165 was not perceived as a referendum on liberal-socialist values. The size and complexity of that proposition allowed it to be easily misrepresented as (1) a power grab by the governor, and (2) a mean-spirited turning of one's back on the poor.

Church lobbies were especially influenced by this latter image. For example, the Catholic bishops of California were persuaded by their lobbying organization in Sacramento (the California Catholic Conference) to order that a statement in opposition be read from the pulpit of every Catholic parish throughout the state on the grounds that Prop. 165 was a rejection of the poor. Pro-life organizations also recommended a "no" vote on Prop. 165, perceiving it as a logical extension of Governor Wilson's policy to promote abortion as a way of reducing welfare payments. Pro-life opposition could hardly be attributed to liberal-socialist conviction.

Ferguson did not comment on another ballot measure, Proposition 161, which would have allowed *any* medical professional to administer euthanasia to terminal patients. As extreme as it was, this proposition began the campaign season ahead (80–20 percent) in the polls, largely because of voter misperception. It was defeated, 60-40, due in part to a spirited grassroots campaign. . . .

The election of 1992 was an unusual one, in which many perturbations obscure the reading of possible underlying trends. One such trend might be the persistence and growing influence of activists motivated by Christian convictions. Bruce Herschensohn won their support, owing to his forthright pro-life, pro-family stand. He is not a photogenic candidate, yet he came from way behind to a dead heat on election eve against a candidate who was lionized and sanitized by a cheerleader press establishment. John Seymour, in contrast, with "moderate" Republican plumage, with Governor Wilson's blessing, and with a vociferous "pro-choice" stance, was never close to beating his opponent. . . .

—Lawrence Scrivani
Cupertino, California

I found Tim Ferguson's article interesting, but there were a couple of important omissions.

The first omission was the real impact of the Bush campaign, which cost us eleven GOP legislators (starting with Herschensohn). The Bush campaign was a drag on the ticket (when it was not invisible). Bush-Quayle '92 mined money out of California and spent it other places, which made this state a two-man race between Clinton and Perot. This freed the California Democratic party to focus on the tasks of registration and turnout, and it did its best job in decades. The TV news in the San Francisco Bay Area brazenly broadcast video clips of activists rounding up homeless people to go in, register, and fill out absentee ballots, using Clinton as carrot and Proposition 165 as stick. This explains the figure of 6 points used by

(continued on page 70)

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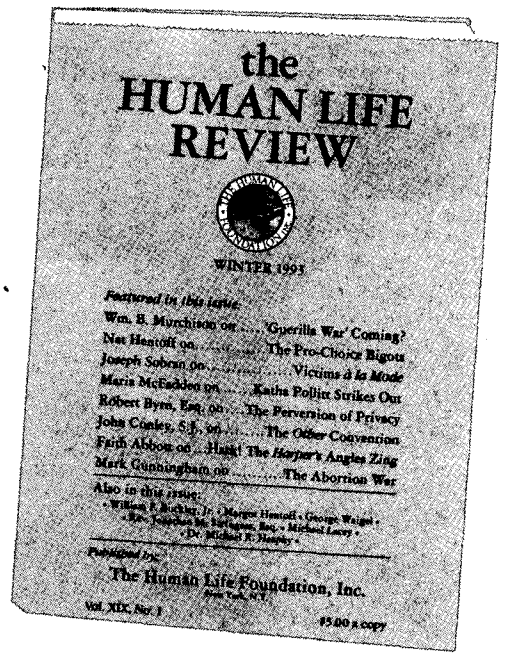
Every issue of the *Review* brings you an unusual mix of articles by such regular contributors as Joseph Sobran, Faith Abbott, William Murchison, Maria McFadden and James Hitchcock—plus original pieces from new young writers who have something *fresh* to say about abortion and all the other "life issues" we cover—you will also get excerpts from important new books and articles you may have missed in other publications both here and abroad.

Another feature: we periodically reprint the best of *our* own stuff as well; for instance, we recently re-ran a fine article by the late great Malcolm Muggeridge (for many years our Editor-at-Large) on "Medical Progress and the Soul," which first ran back in 1985, but it's even *more* timely today—the prophetic "St. Mugg" foresaw the rush to provide "spare" human body parts! (Future issues will carry other classic Muggeridge pieces too.)

The current issue contains 14 hard-hitting pieces, including William Murchison on the coming "Guerilla War" over abortion, Nat Hentoff on "Pro-Choice Bigots," Joseph Sobran on "Victims *à la Mode*," Maria McFadden on "Katha Pollitt Strikes Out," Robert Byrn on "The Perversion of Privacy." Plus Faith Abbott's fascinating analysis of the recent symposium in *Harper's* magazine on the question: "She's come for an abortion. What do you say?" Answers came from well-known writers like Susan Faludi and William F. Buckley Jr. (Abbott explains it all in "Hark! The *Harper's* Angles Zing").

"The *Human Life Review* is powerful stuff . . . the focus of civilized philosophical, legal and polemical discussion of the abortion issue"—**Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.**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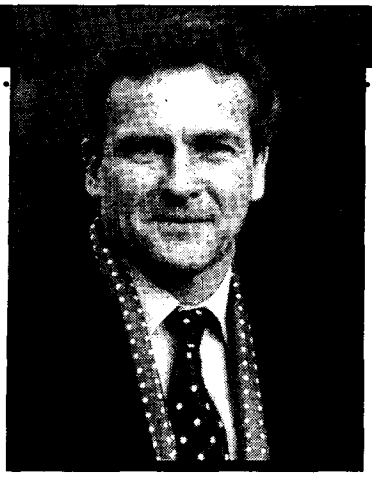

Clinton's Trickle-Down

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Trickle down, trickle down—ha, ha, ha. From (roughly) William Jennings Bryan's 1896 "Cross of Gold" speech to President Bill Clinton's ramblings in his State of the Union address on February 17, progressives have been deriding almost any attempt by government to encourage the creation of wealth as "trickle-down economics": Ha, ha, ha, Ronald Reagan believes profits "trickle down."

Well, now with the sonorous unveiling of President Bill Clinton's characteristically schizophrenic economic package, behold what we might call the progressives' version of trickle-down economics. According to their version, the dividing line between the fat cat and the rest of us steadily "trickles down" from an annual income of $200,000 (that being the figure intoned by presidential candidate Clinton) to an annual income of $100,000 (that being the figure intoned by President Clinton on February 15) to an annual income of $30,000 (that being the figure intoned by his loyal mouthpiece Mr. George Stephanopoulus on February 16) to an annual salary of $20,000 (that being the level at which the onerous energy taxes announced on February 17 kick in). Fellow fat cats, grab your wallets and run.

In accordance with earlier trickle-down economics, the benefits of higher economic output trickle down to the rest of us. In accordance with the tax-and-spend Democrats' trickle-down economics, the burdens of higher taxation trickle down to the rest of us. Ah, but the *New York Times* reassures us that a White House official insists that "households with incomes of less than $30,000 . . . will not have their taxes increased at all." Yet a few months ago candidate Clinton promised only to raise taxes on $200,000-a-year voluptuaries drinking Dom Perignon and eating bonbons in Palm Beach. As for the "forgotten middle class," its taxes would be cut. Now its taxes are being raised. Even Clinton's idea of what constitutes a millionaire has trickled down: he's proposed a millionaire's tax, all right—on anyone making over $250,000 annually. Well, there you have the tax-and-spend Democrats' trickle down, and I do not hear anyone laughing. At the third presidential debate, George Bush warned that the Clinton tax hike would trickle down to those earning $36,600. Three times in pre-election columns I warned as much. Thankfully, I was not running for office.

There is something very odd about the candidate who promised to lower the taxes he is now raising. He insists that he is going to stay in touch with American people, but all evidence indicates that he has usually been strangely out of touch. He believes that during the longest period of American peacetime economic growth (from November 1982 to July 1990) only the very rich benefited. More than $20 trillion in new wealth was created during that period. Does he really believe that all those trillions went only to the very rich? Why did the middle class keep electing Republican presidents? Now he speaks as though the United States were in recession (during the election he spoke of depression). On February 15 he said "the typical middle-class family is working harder for less." Actually, the economy is growing at a hefty rate of 3.8 percent.

"The conditions which brought us to this point are well known," the president told Congress on February 17. Known by whom? Not Clinton. If the economy is in such a pallid state, where is the economic theory that counsels the gigantic tax increase President Clinton prescribes? There is none. "There's no coherent economic theory to it," the economic columnist and former Treasury official Paul Craig Roberts remarks of Mr. Clinton's economic package. "All modern economic theory known of argues that this program will close down the economy. Tax hikes are described in economic texts today as policies that cool down overheated economies." But President Clinton declares the economy already as cold as a corpse, and so he will create 500,000 new (and temporary) jobs with deficit spending. Does he know that the Reagan economy created 18 million new jobs (most of which are still around and contributing wealth and tax revenue) with tax cuts? Raising taxes to lower a deficit while raising spending to stimulate an economy is another example of the schizophrenia suffered by our president with the policy wonk's brain and the flower child's heart.

He is America's greatest schizophrenic president. When he is not affecting the style of just folks he is bragging of his highbrow intellectual credentials. Throughout the 1980s just folks recog-

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nized that a growing economy was being made possible by lower taxes, restrained government growth, and restrained meddling. Meanwhile, the highbrow intellectual, securely enveloped in a haze of left-wing partisan politics, ignored the growth and spoke solely of pending calamity.

For them the 1980s never took place. It was American history's black hole. Throughout that decade, America's infantile left kept conjuring up ever more problems—social, political, and economic—to be laid at the door of a president whose power they were steadily cutting back. Now because George Bush raised taxes and stymied a growing economy, these people who refused to learn from recent history have one of their own in the White House. My guess is that soon the conflicting burdens of that great office will break him. ❐

Hillary Polluted

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," Ralph Waldo Emerson observed, and it certainly has brought grief to the reformist couple now resident at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Just the other day Hillary Rodham Clinton (known as just Hillary Clinton on the campaign trail) promised to introduce organic foods into the White House and to ban tobacco from the premises, saying that neither she nor President Clinton smokes. Alas, the little minds of the Washington press corps produced recent pictures of Mr. Clinton majestically chomping down on a cigar of Churchillian immensity. Apparently he resorted to the dratted stogie repeatedly on his campaign plane. And so, to banish Emerson's hobgoblins, the White House rushed out deputy press secretary Lorraine Voles to explain: "He never smokes it—he kind of chews it." Leave it to our youthful president to devise "safe smoking."

Yet if Mrs. Clinton stands by her edict on organic foods and tobacco, consistency will as a consequence of dubious government findings lead to the banning of apples, cellular telephones, computers, hot showers, chlorinated water. The White House will be a truly restful place. Today the life expectancy of the average American living outside the White House in regions unpatrolled by Mrs. Clinton is, according to the National Center for Health Statistics, greater than ever before. In Mrs. Clinton's White House, people may live forever. If she responds as scrupulously to other environmental advocacy groups as she has responded to the advocates of organic foods and the opponents of tobacco, the smokeless, appleless White House—free of pesticides, radon and noxious electromagnetic fields—can be renamed the Green House.

I have no doubt that tobacco is not a health food. But does not dignity and freedom require that we allow adults to decide for themselves what substances they will consume so long as those substances do not threaten public health or safety? Right now there are far greater risks circulating among us than tobacco. Consider AIDS, which is not just dangerous; it is lethal. Or consider the new strains of tuberculosis now spreading through urban centers. They are contagious, can be spread by a mere cough, and assuredly can kill.

But we are told that tobacco smoke spread through the air by smokers who do not practice our youthful president's "safe smoking" is dangerous. The Environmental Protection Agency has produced a report arguing that a smoker's second-hand smoke increases the risk of lung cancer in nonsmokers and contributes to approximately 3,000 deaths annually. In truth, this report is another example of the EPA shaping scientific findings to support its own preconceived policies. The report, with all its shoddy science, will undoubtedly open the way for new health-based government regulations. Remarks Bonner Cohen of *EPA Watch* in Chantilly, Virginia, "It's now open season on whatever contaminant the EPA chooses to label the killer contaminant of the week."

To establish second-hand smoke as a killer of 3,000 hypothetical Americans, the EPA had to ignore the antithetical findings of a study sponsored by the National Cancer Institute. William Reilly, head of EPA, claimed his report was too far along to take into account those findings, but had he his report would not have been able to claim second-hand smoke as a carcinogen. Furthermore, the EPA report—in an unprecedented change in its statistical method—lowered the scientific threshold for declaring something a human carcinogen.

This politicization of science is going to keep Mrs. Clinton busy. Now that the EPA has lowered the standard of risk, not only can second-hand smoke be classified as a cancer risk but so can ordinary tap water, whose risk factor is twice that of second-hand smoke. The electromagnetic fields that emit from everyday consumer appliances such as electric blankets, hair dryers, computers, and cellular telephones make them up to four times as dangerous as second-hand smoke. And then there are all those fruits and vegetables seething with chemicals. Obviously, it is only a matter of time before the Clintons shut off the White House's electricity and settle down to growing their own greens. ❐

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Impolitic Pol

by Tom Bethell

Two days after the left-wing Game Show Host addressed the Joint Session of Congress, I journeyed to Capitol Hill, in search of Capitol Ideas.

I was walking along the central corridor of the Capitol building and admiring the waxed, well-polished flagstones, when I spotted, striding in my direction from the Senate side, the tall, upright, blue-suited figure of Sen. Orrin Hatch of Utah. I told him that I would shortly be seeing Sen. Al Simpson of Wyoming.

"Hit him hard on employer sanctions," Hatch said briskly. He was referring to the feature of the immigration law that penalizes employers for hiring undocumented ("illegal") immigrants. Its unintended effect was to doom Clinton's first two nominees for attorney general. Thanks in no small measure to the persistent efforts of Senator Simpson, the immigration law was revised in 1986 to include sanctions against employers. Hatch told me that they were "discriminatory" against minorities and placed an inappropriate law-enforcement burden on all. "Senator Kennedy and I are going to change it," Hatch said. "Simpson doesn't want it but we're going to."

As assistant minority leader, Simpson has an office in the Capitol building itself. An aide told me that the senator (who lives in McLean, Virginia) had been held up in traffic. Soon his long, lean frame appeared in the doorway. He smiled broadly and beckoned me to join him in his inner office, across the hall. It was furnished with realistic paintings of Western scenery, including a small Bierstadt, a scene by one of the "Taos Ten," and—point of pride—"no photographs of politicians."

He told me he was writing a book about the news media, which I gather may not be wholly laudatory. At the time of the Clarence Thomas hearings, after an appearance on "Nightline," Simpson had a run-in with Nina Totenberg of National Public Radio. "She laid the F-word on me three times in 42 seconds," he told me. An aide brought me a cup of coffee, but Simpson himself, who is 61 and looking very fit, abstemiously confined himself to a glass of water. He was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1978. His parents, both in their nineties, still live in Cody. His father also was a U.S. senator, and before that governor of Wyoming.

I never could understand how Simpson became so involved in the immigration issue. Wyoming is believed to have fewer immigrants than any other state. (It also has fewer people.) For years I had darkly suspected that, in the course of some dinner party shortly after he arrived, the "Georgetown elite" had put Simpson up to it, knowing that there would be no constituency pressure on the issue from Wyoming. So how did it happen?

"I was a freshman senator, and they created the Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy," he said. "They were looking for lawyers from the Judiciary Committee, and Howard Baker told Jimmy Carter, 'Here's Simpson.' I said to Baker, 'Why did you do that to me?' He said, 'You're the junior member of the Committee, and I think it's important that you go on there.' So Carter appointed me to the Commission. Then the Republicans took over the Senate, in 1980. At that point Senator Kennedy came to me and said, 'Well, I care very much about immigration and if Thurmond will let you set up a separate subcommittee, I'll be glad to serve as your ranking member. I can share with you about seventeen years of background. I know you and I won't agree on a lot of it.' I said, 'Hell, let's go.' So we did."

My suspicions had not been so far off, then. Ted Kennedy! The principal lobbying support for the reform at that time came from organized labor—always eager to restrict the supply of unregulated labor.

I told Simpson that I had just met a senator who said to "hit him hard on employer sanctions." His demeanor remained calm, but something caught fire inside and burned briefly. "Well, I've been called everything," he said, his tone quiet and even and measured. "I've been through the fires of bigotry and racism and all that crap. I used to say, 'Don't quote to me from the Statue of Liberty.' It doesn't say on the base, Emma Lazarus said send us everybody you've got, legally or illegally. Employer sanctions are the guts of any kind of reform. The law before was that it was legal to hire an illegal, but illegal for the illegal to work. Now if that isn't the ultimate stupidity for a constitutional government . . ."

The only thing wrong with the law at present is that "maybe 40 percent of the documents presented to employers are fraudulent," he said. Producing fake ID has become "a cottage industry," so this session the Congress will take up a new national ID card, to be used "at the time of new hire." Under present law, amazingly enough, it is actually illegal for employers to ask prospective employees to produce green cards, or any other specific document, as proof of legality. This is thought to be discriminatory. The employer must fill out a form attesting that the employee is authorized to work, but is not at fault if the documents that support such a claim are faked.

Simpson does believe, however, that the threshold for making Social Security contributions, currently $50 a quarter, should be raised—perhaps to $300.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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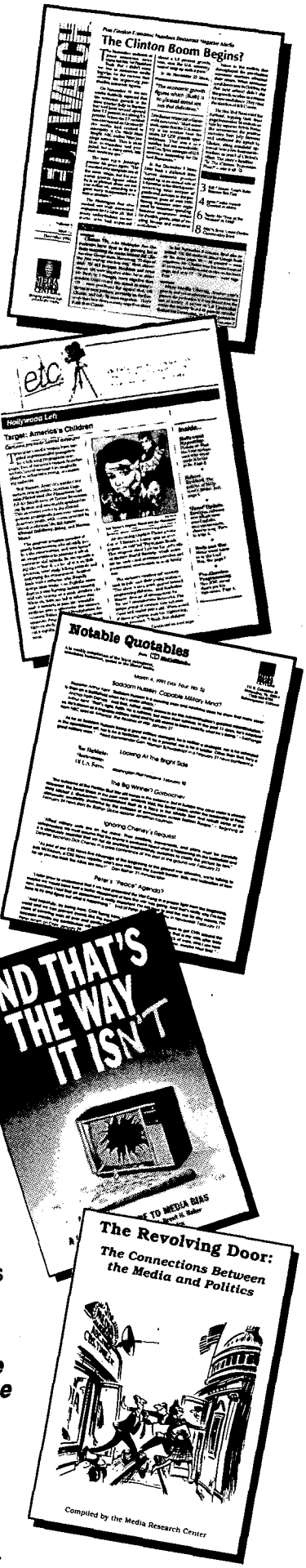

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"That should take care of the yard boy," he said. "I'm ready to do that."

In conversation, Simpson repeatedly gives one to understand that the Senate would be a better place if it wasn't for organized pressure from constituents. As a result, self-interest overrules statesmanship time and again. He favors term limits, for example, because "it would be a joy to know" that all those in their last term "would be a bedrock of doing things right, instead of doing them expediently." From a conservative perspective, of course, this is debatable. It's liberals who constantly seek to circumvent or obfuscate the popular will; hence their affection for the judiciary. Then again, Simpson is at least partly right. Reforming the entitlement culture on Capitol Hill cannot happen if legislators are intimidated by the organized lobbying of current beneficiaries threatened with cutbacks. Whatever else he may be, Simpson is not easily intimidated.

Here he is on the veterans' lobby: "There's 27 million veterans, but only three million of them ever heard a shell go past their heads, and the rest of them just howl. And there's no record of where they served; at least I went overseas [Germany in the fifties], which makes me a war hero compared to half of them. We should do everything we can for the combat veteran, the trainee accident, their widows, children. But for God's sake, a guy that served a year and never left Camp Beetle Bailey should not receive the same benefits that a combat veteran receives.

"No other country on earth does this," he continued. Speak out against the veterans' program, which now costs $37 billion a year, or any number of other programs, and your opponent has a nice 30-second spot: "This is the slob that cut your veterans' benefit, this is the slob that cut your Social Security . . ."

Simpson was not optimistic about the prospects for Clinton's budget plan "because he still has not laid his scalpel on the sacred of sacreds, and that's these damned entitlements." Take Social Security. What we have to do, he said, is "compute how much you paid into this system, how much you make, what your net worth is, and if you're up there in that [upper-income] area we're going to cut you off. We'll cash you in, and you can have interest at the premium rate, but you're going to get out of this game because there's no way this system . . . "

Something else crossed his mind: "When I was a freshman in college there were sixteen people paying into the system and one taking out. Today there are three people paying in and one taking out." In twenty years it will be two to one. "How long do you think people will sit still to put in $12,500 a year while some dud is taking out $25,000?" He was cheered by the recent youth rally outside the AARP headquarters in Washington, with kids asking: "When are you guys going to quit being so selfish?" Great! "They don't quite know how to handle that," Simpson said with relish. At town meetings in Wyoming, he tells young people to "get active and get in the game." Simpson's prescription, however, would seem to turn Social Security into even more of an income-redistribution scheme than it already is. That is also the direction in which Social Security is headed under Team Billary.

Simpson seemed to admire Hillary's steeliness. "I think she's got the guts to do it," he said of her embryonic health-care reform. So, what needs to be done in that area? "You do something to doctors," he said, without specifying what, "you do something to hospitals, you do something to durable goods providers, and you do something with malpractice." (Sounds like price-controls.) If Clinton "fails" on health-care, Simpson asserted, he will fail overall. "All of this goodwill will just disappear and that will be the end of it."

He predicted that Democrats would call for a GOP alternative to their tax increase plan, and in responding to the put-up-or-shut-up call, Simpson veered unexpectedly into truly verboten territory: criticism of the holy of conservative holies—Ronald Reagan. "I'll say, pal, in May of '85, we all put up. We wheeled Pete Wilson in here on a gurney, and voted 50-49 to get rid of thirteen agencies of government and freeze the whole damned operation including Social Security, veterans' benefits, military retirement." Ten days later came the downer. Reagan—Ronald Reagan!—"said we must do it differently. He didn't go for the package. I called him and he said, 'I just couldn't do that to the poorest people on Social Security.' I said, 'It [COLA freeze] was only for a year. You could have left the thirteen agencies cut.' He said, 'I just couldn't . . .'"

Truly, Ronald Reagan, who so often said he admired Roosevelt, was closer to him than conservatives want to admit. "It was all out of compassion," Simpson added, trying to soften the blow. But it's time someone said what Simpson said. Federal spending ran way ahead of revenues in the 1980s primarily because Reagan himself didn't really want to rein it in. Once they realized what a pliant figure Reagan was, liberals kept mum. In fact, they kept up the smokescreen about how anti-government he was. Reagan helped by giving his anti-government speeches. Thus the impression was created that government spending is truly uncontrollable. ("If Reagan couldn't control it, who could?") In the end, then, deficits could only be cured one way. Now the Game Show Host has taken to the stage with the liberals' dream package of tax increases.

Simpson didn't tell me this, but my guess is that he thinks the Republicans blew it when, for six years, they controlled the White House and the Senate. They let spending run out of control, not because they didn't have the votes to stop it, but because they didn't have the courage.

A few years back I criticized Simpson on the immigration issue (*TAS*, February 1986), and he wrote back complaining that I hadn't even contacted his office for comment (*TAS*, April 1986), which was true. My excuse was that you go up to Capitol Hill, talk to these guys, and before you know it you're friends and you don't feel like criticizing them anymore. Since then, Simpson and I have been vaguely talking lunch. It seems that Simpson and Nina Totenberg made up, too. "She called me in January 1992," Simpson recalled, and said, 'You and I have been through some heavy fire. Do you want to go to the White House Correspondents Dinner with me?' And I said sure. So we went."

He says now of her earlier attack on him: "I liked her spirit. She had good energy." Well, Senator Simpson has a lot of spirit, too. Combining charm and asperity, he has managed to cast himself in an unusual Washington role: the impolitic pol—an acerbic variation on Sam Ervin's "country lawyer." I liked him, I really did. I doubt if I will criticize him again—except on employer sanctions. ❐

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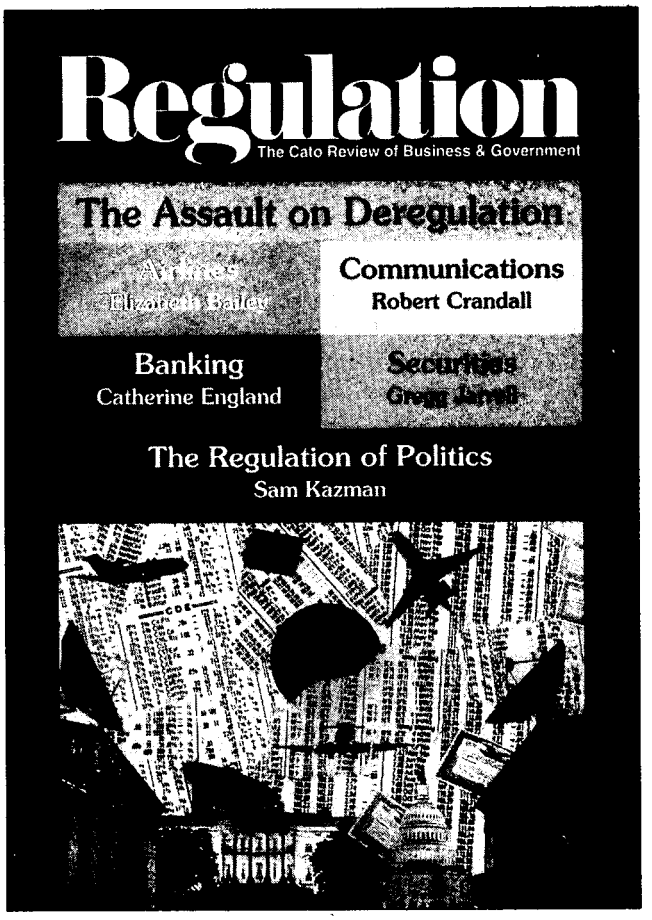

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Emily's List: Chicks With Checks

The Year of the Woman produces the PAC of the Year.

by Susan Hirschmann

Ever since Anita Hill was shamed before an all-male Senate Judiciary Committee, activist women have been itching to get back at the political system. The feminist backlash, we have been endlessly told, is responsible for vaulting four new women senators and twenty-five new congresspersons into office in last year's election cycle. What the American press didn't tell you is that "The Year of the Woman" was for a very select group indeed, and had more to do with ideology than sisterhood. If you weren't the kind of gal that goes for big government, higher taxes, federal funding of abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment, gun control, and all kinds of government quotas and mandates, then *sister,* you weren't woman enough to make it to the gravy train!

For in addition to the free media hype, liberal Democratic women running for office in 1992 hit the fund-raising jackpot. The single largest source of this bonanza was the political action committee Emily's List, which stands for "Early Money Is Like Yeast" (it makes the dough rise). It was founded in 1985 by IBM heiress Ellen Malcolm after her involvement in the unsuccessful Senate campaign of feminist Harriet Woods. Malcolm envisioned the PAC as a means of providing pro-abortion, pro-ERA Democratic women candidates with large amounts of money early in the election cycle. The idea is that these initial contributions would serve as seed money to encourage big donors and PACs to contribute as well. Malcolm, who still directs the day-to-day operations of the thirteen-woman staff in offices down the street from the White House, has been called the Queenmaker of the Democratic Party, and in 1992 her attention paid off: Emily's List raised $6.2 million

Susan Hirschmann is the executive director of Eagle Forum.

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for its slate of fifty-five Democratic women candidates, making it the largest single contributor to congressional and Senate races last year.

Emily's List's donors are a virtual *Who's Who* of the "cultural elite." Its Federal Election Commission (FEC) reports shine brightly with stars: Roseanne Arnold and hubby, Helen Reddy, Norman Lear, Lily Tomlin, and Marlo Thomas, to name only a few. Writers and journalists are also prominent, from trash novelist Judith Krantz and *Nation* editor/socialite Katrina vanden Heuvel to *Playboy* boss Christie Hefner. Also contributing some of their own money are leaders such as Molly Yard, past president of the National Organization for Women, and homosexual activist Tim McFeeley of the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

Although Emily's List was around long before the Thomas-Hill controversy, the judge's 1991 confirmation hearings gave the PAC a huge boost. Today it claims that outrage over those hearings boosted membership sevenfold, going from an organization of 3,500 members who raised $1.5 million dollars in 1990 to 24,000 members and the $6.2 million raised last year. Not that this transformation was entirely spontaneous. Shortly after the hearings, Emily's List began receiving a barrage of flattering media profiles, including a puff piece on "60 Minutes" and articles in the *Seattle Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *National Journal*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. This kind of free advertising during an election cycle is a fund-raiser's dream, and Emily's List candidates profited immensely. Sen. Carol Moseley-Braun, who based her entire campaign on the I-believe-Anita line, was hand-fed almost $340,000 from Emily's List—more than the National Federation of Independent Businesses gave to all of its candidates combined. The two other prominent Senate winners—Barbara Boxer and Dianne Feinstein—roped in almost $355,000 and $300,000, respectively. Patty Murray, the tennis-shoed senator from Washington state, collected $200,000. (In Pennsylvania, Lynn Yeakel received more than $580,000 from Emily's List to give Sen. Arlen Specter the scare of his life.)

Campaign finance laws limit PAC contributions per candidate to $5,000 in the primary and another $5,000 during the general election, but Emily's List skirted these restrictions with a technique it pioneered, called "bundling." Rather than write its own checks to candidates (and thereby subject itself to the above restrictions), Emily's List asks donors to send individual checks made out not to the PAC but to the campaigns of candidates it selects. Emily's List then "bundles" all the checks for each candidate and forwards them to the campaign offices of their chosen candidates, thereby maximizing the effect of individual donations.

Of course, Emily's list is also in the business of taking contributions for itself. Its members tend to be well-heeled and pay between $100 to $5,000 directly to Emily's List to help defray the costs of recruiting, grooming, and preparing profiles of endorsed candidates. In addition to these initial contributions, donors must promise to give at least $100 to two or more of the *candidates* on Emily's List, thus setting the bundling process in motion.

This arrangement offers three benefits that are hard to beat. First, there is absolutely no legal limit to the amount of money that can be bundled to any single candidate. Second, donors are more likely to give, because they know that their contributions will have a greater political impact if bundled with thousands of others. Finally, a candidate who gets her name on Emily's List sends a strong signal to the liberal PAC community that she is a friendly and financially viable office-seeker.

The profiles of Emily's List candidates usually overlook this last point, and it's not hard to see why. The PAC likes to portray its candidates simply as Democrats who care deeply about abortion and women's rights. But most of Emily's List candidates also receive large PAC contributions from a host of organizations whose agendas might suggest otherwise, from big labor (the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the Sheet Metal Workers of America, Communication Workers of America, COPE, the AFL-CIO, the International Association of Machinists, the National Education Association, and the American Federation of Teachers), environmental groups (the Sierra Club), and left-wing special interest groups (the Human Rights Campaign Fund, the Women's Campaign Fund, the National Abortion Rights Action League, the Hollywood Women's Political Committee).

"Most conservatives don't even know who they are—let alone how radical. When they came after me with tens of thousands of dollars, I first had to explain to my supporters who they were."

Now, candidates such as freshman California senator Barbara Boxer, a prominent feminist running in a high-profile Senate race, may not need Emily's List to attract this liberal PAC money. But such relative unknowns as Peggy Lautenschlager, who ran unsuccessfully against incumbent Rep. Tom Petri in Wisconsin, and Karan English, who won an open seat in Arizona, were able to bring in comparable PAC support at least partly because of endorsements from Emily's List. In fact, so tight is the relationship between Emily's List and these liberal PACs that PACs ranging from the Machinists and the United Auto Workers to the National Education Association make direct contributions to Emily's List. (PACs usually contribute to candidates, not other PACs.)

Even in a constituency where liberal Democrats have to mask their views, Emily's List can make a diffrence. That was amply demonstrated in the election of liberal Democrat Karen Shepherd to Utah's second congressional

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district, in the heart of which lies Salt Lake City—world headquarters of the Mormon Church. Despite having accepted money from Molly Yard as well as feminist, pro-abortion, and homosexual PACs, Shepherd portrayed herself as "pro-family" in the campaign. After all, she is "married with children," while her pro-life, conservative, Mormon opponent was single. Emily's List produced more than $80,000 for Shepherd, which, when combined with environmental, union, and feminist contributions, gave her a financial edge that her opponent simply could not overcome. The lesson? That the candidate who has the money to make the media buys can dictate the message and tone of the campaign.

On paper, Emily's List asks only that candidates support federally funded abortions and the ERA in return for an endorsement. In practice, however, its candidates are consistently to the left on fiscal and foreign policy issues as well. The voting records of incumbents who serve as Honorary Advisers help flesh out the Emily's List ideal. Maryland Senator Barbara Mikulski is a prominent member of its advisory board; Emily's List boasts of having poured $150,000 into her 1986 race. Mikulski scored a cumulative 25 percent rating with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and only 14 percent with the National Federation of Independent Businesses for the 102nd Congress. Other members of Emily's advisers scored even lower. Colorado Rep. Pat Schroeder registered a flat zero with the NFIB, as did Barbara Boxer. On the same scale, Reps. Nancy Pelosi, Nita Lowey, Louise Slaughter, and Jolene Unsoeld managed only 9 percent. In a year when their own candidate for President was reminding himself that "it's the economy, stupid," this is not an encouraging trend.

Emily's List raised $6.2 million for its slate of fifty-five Democratic women candidates, making it the largest single contributor to congressional and Senate races last year.

The candidates themselves give every indication that they will live up to the standards of their mentors. Not one of the fifty-five Emily's List candidates signed the Americans for Tax Reform's "No New Taxes Pledge." Nor did any receive the support of the NFIB, the Business Industry PAC, or the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Indeed, most of the Emily's List candidates were strongly opposed by the business community as well as the social conservatives.

Out on the campaign trail, the record of Emily's List candidates was mixed. To be sure, tactics like bundling demonstrated a degree of sophistication hitherto absent from the radical feminist community; bundling still left Emily's List free to use its maximum $5,000 PAC contributions in kind, sending in its own advisers to consult, poll, and do mailings. Emily's List also showed political savvy in selecting candidates only in viable districts, and in taking full advantage of the check-kiting and other congressional scandals. On top of this, it keyed in on several of the newly drawn "minority" districts created by new judicial interpretations of the Voting Rights Act, which now requires that minorities be given maximum opportunity to elect their own to Congress. In 1992, this meant the drawing of thirteen new black and six new Hispanic seats, almost all of them in heavily Democratic areas. Emily's List took advantage of the primaries, when it could get the most bang for its buck, and targeted not only the new districts but also other races in which there were no incumbents running. In many, winning the primary was tantamount to winning the congressional seat.

In North Carolina, for example, the first congressional district was redrawn with a 54-percent-black voter base. This was also a district in which the winner of the Democratic primary would face no serious Republican opponent in the general election. In targeting the first district, Emily's List supported new Rep. Eva Clayton to the tune of $55,000. She faced six other Democratic candidates and landed in a runoff with the son of the retiring 26-year incumbent. Her victory is a case study of the impact that early support can have in crowded, low-turnout primaries.

The open seats were important, because they meant no incumbent advantage in money. Including the newly drawn minority districts, Emily's List bundled to thirty-one, winning twenty-one. In Oregon, a $115,000 contribution from Emily's List helped propel Oregon Peace Institute founder and liberal activist Elizabeth Furse to a come-from-behind victory in the state's first district. In Pennsylvania's 13th district, Emily's $70,000 helped candidate Marjorie Margolies-Mezvinsky squeak by Republican John Fox by fewer than 1,500 votes in a district that has a two-to-one GOP advantage and had been held by a Republican for seventy-six years.

Although winning twenty-five of their fifty-five races is impressive given Emily's radical positions, the PAC suffered some setbacks in the Year of the Woman. Indeed, most of its winners ran on platforms of "change" rather than the beliefs that attracted all the liberal PAC money. In some cases, the candidate was so liberal that she couldn't help herself and her true beliefs became a hot issue. Emily's losing candidate in California's 11th congressional district, Patti Garamendi, ran her whole campaign on abortion rights, gay rights, and support for Ice-T, the rapper of "Cop Killer" fame. While most of her contributions came from liberal Hollywood (Emily's pitched in $60,000), this was a conservative district (despite the 51-39 percent Democratic advantage in

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registration) largely composed of farmers and ranchers. Her opponent, rancher Richard Pombo, refused to be intimidated by all the nasty name-calling and gave Garamendi enough rope with which to hang herself. She defended Ice-T in ads that showed burning crosses and called Pombo a racist. But Pombo held fast to the high ground and won.

Then there was Cathy Steinberg in Georgia, defeated because her opponent, John Linder, was smart enough to derail her efforts to run on the "woman's platform." He stuck to bread-and-butter politics and defined how liberal she was on economic questions.

Running against incumbents, Emily's List fared even worse. Even though it raised nearly $80,000 in an effort to defeat Florida Rep. E. Clay Shaw, more than $45,000 against California Rep. John Doolittle, and almost $135,000 against Iowa Rep. Jim Lightfoot, to name but a few, it was to no avail—incumbents had the money to attack back and define how radical the Emily's List candidates were. (The only incumbent taken out by bundling was California Sen. John Seymour, and most would agree that he was more of a threat to himself than anyone was to him.)

Lightfoot, for instance, defeated his opponent in part by running ads showing a dirty-fingernailed blue-collar worker reaching for his wallet, which a red-fingernailed hand was about to grab. But even if a candidate feels he can win by emphasizing differences, a bigger problem is the relative anonymity of the fledgling PAC. "Emily's list is the biggest stealth organization on the left," says Doolittle. "Most conservatives don't even know who they are—let alone how radical. When they came after me with tens of thousands of dollars, I first had to explain to my supporters who they *were*."

To celebrate its tremendous successes in 1992, Emily's List held a headline-grabbing Inaugural Week luncheon at the Washington Hilton, which it called "the largest political fund-raiser for women in the history of this country." The 4,200 attendees watched videos of the '92 women winners to the accompaniment of "Money" (from the musical *Cabaret*, as in "Money makes the world go around") and were cheered by such heroines as Barbara Mikulski, who told them, "Some women spend their lives waiting for Prince Charming to come. I spent my life waiting for Dianne and Carol and Barbara."

Emily's List is now looking to make the 1990s the *Decade* of the Woman. With a million bucks left over in their campaign chest as of February, and another $750,000 from the Inaugural fund-raiser, they are off to a good start. In 1992, Emily's List had enough money to get out in front and enough novelty to avoid scrutiny into some of the less savory ideologies it bankrolled. That advantage shouldn't last, but for now conservatives have no viable way of countering a PAC that most of them have never even heard of. ❐

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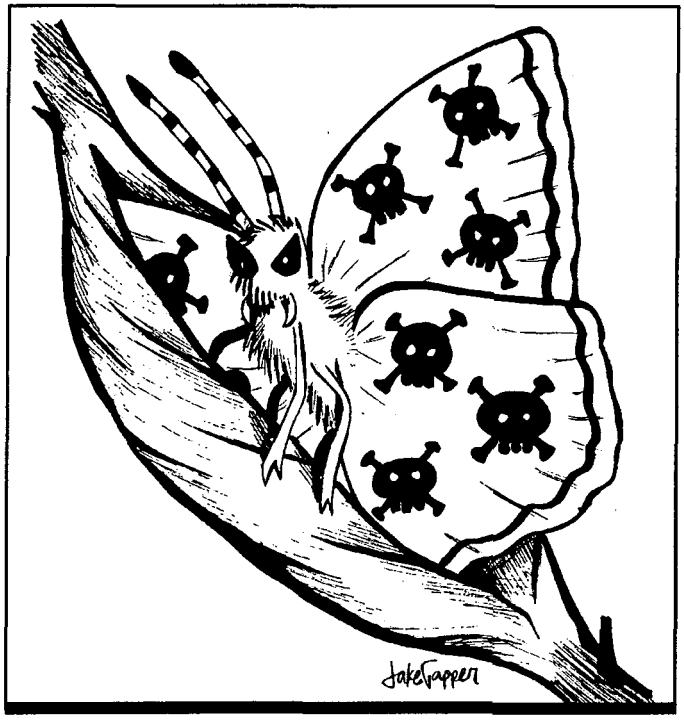
James Dorsey and Yoav Karny

New Players in the Middle East

Welcome to the Caucasus, where a handful of firebrand leaders are vying to lead their nations to an independence they have not enjoyed since Czarist times—and reaching out to strange new allies.



A short man in his late fifties, Yuri Shanibov hardly strikes one as Caucasia's most wanted man. His mild manners, cultured voice, and sense of history reflect his distinguished academic and legal career rather than his new-found status as a revolutionary determined to reverse 200 years of history. A wall-size map recalling the lost era of Soviet-inspired fraternal internationalism dominates his modest office in the North Caucasian resort of Nalchik. The map's politics contrast starkly with his rebel movement, the Confederation of North Caucasian Mountain Peoples, which is both a product and an engine of violent disintegration. As he explains his vision for the Caucasus, Shanibov's thick fingers move across the map in substitution of his battle-hardened warriors. "Give me a month," he says almost boastfully, "and I'll simply walk into Tbilisi."

Thousands have joined the ranks of Shanibov's Confederation as volunteers willing to die in an attempt to reclaim what was the divine property of a non-Slavic, largely Muslim population until Russian imperialism in the late eighteenth century raised its head. With Abkhazian secessionists today pushing Georgian troops out of a key Black Sea province linking Georgia with Russia, his troops now see an opportunity to redress perceived historic injustice. Grouping under one umbrella sixteen nations who often have only geography in common, they seek to carve out of Russia and Georgia a new Caucasian state that would stretch from the shores of the Caspian Sea to the estuary of the Don. Such a state would push Russia out of the Middle East and force her to retreat into her sixteenth-century reclusion. It would also almost certainly redraw beyond recognition the boundaries of the Middle East and spark brutal ethnic conflicts across Eurasia.

Carefully shielded for much of this century from the outside world by Moscow, the Caucasus, whose resistance to the Russian occupation was the most violent the Czarist empire ever encountered, is today emerging from its cocoon. In its minuscule, often artificial autonomous republics, created by Stalin to mix up the races and weaken their sense of nationalism, romantic visionaries and self-serving opportunists plot national liberation. Among them, Shanibov is a prime contender to don the mantle of Imam Shamil, a nineteenth-century Muslim mystic and ascetic who still inspires Islamic militants across the Middle East and Central Asia. The leader of history's last North Caucasian state, Shamil would today be described as an Islamic fundamentalist.

James Dorsey is a staff writer for Inter Press Service. Yoav Karny, former senior foreign correspondent of the Israeli paper Ha'aretz, *writes on international affairs from Washington.*

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Fighting the Russians for almost thirty years, he was legendary for his personal courage and uncompromising zeal and even earned the grudging respect of the Czar himself. He nearly succeeded in dragging Britain into a war to preempt Russian expansion into the Middle East, tantalizing European romantics in the process. His would-be successors are by and large atheists and agnostics, more at ease with the precepts of Kemal Ataturk than those of Ayatollah Khomeini. But Shamil's increasing posthumous popularity is an indication that history could as yet take strange twists if Caucasians indeed maintain unity and strengthen their international relations.

Russia is unlikely to cede control of the northern Caucasus as it did with the Ukraine and the Baltic states. Too much of its political and military thinking involves the preservation of the region as both a buffer zone and a launching pad. Too much of its modern literature is influenced by Caucasian images and landscapes. A land of towering mountains and epic legends, it was the Caucasus that inspired Mikhail Lermontov, an imperial army officer, to write *Hero of Our Time*, and eventually agree to a senseless duel that cost him his life. It was of the Caucasus that Aleksandr Pushkin wrote: "I know how to use a dagger—I was born in the Caucasus."

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Endless attempts to resolve conflicts in the Caucasus—like those between Georgians and Abkhazians, Georgians and South Ossetians, North Ossetians and Ingush, and between Moscow itself and the Chechen—reflect mounting Russian concern about the region. Disagreement in November 1991 over the Caucasus heralded the conflict between Boris Yeltsin and diehard conservatives in Russia's parliament. The Caucasus was also the setting for Moscow's most bloody and futile attempts to stifle nationalism in the final days of the Soviet empire. Beyond merely failing, they gave birth to even more radical forms of nationalism such as that of deposed Georgian President Zviad Gamsakhurdia.

Built as a fortress against Imam Shamil's troops, Nalchik is now a main center of Pan-Caucasian agitation. From his second-floor office in the former Communist party headquarters there Yuri Shanibov runs his confederation and dispatches armed volunteers to help brothers and cousins throughout the region in need. It was in Nalchik last September that Russian security forces lost their nerve and arrested Shanibov under the cloak of darkness. Within days, supporters besieged the town's public buildings. Shanibov was mysteriously allowed to "escape," an exploit that earned him instant folk-hero status.

With Nalchik as its administrative center, Shanibov's home state of Kabardin-Balkaria, a former Soviet autonomous republic, is populated primarily by Cherkess, a nation of handsome and fierce warriors who fought valiantly until their final defeat in 1863. Deceived and manipulated, they were persuaded to migrate to the domains of the Ottoman Sultan. Allowed to form a military caste, they fought the Sultan's wars, settled his rebellious frontiers, and at times massacred his disloyal subjects. They did so well in Bulgaria in the 1870s that a horrified British public called Gladstone out of retirement to teach the savages a lesson. Gladstone annexed Egypt and the Middle East never looked the same again.

Dispersed today over five Middle Eastern countries, the Cherkess often serve in rival armies. In Syria and Turkey they have penetrated the highest echelons of the armed forces while their kith and kin proudly are part of the Israel Defense Forces. The Cherkess renaissance in the Caucasus is strongly felt in the diaspora, where many openly dream of a return. The comparison with the Jews is so obvious that their Arab diaspora speaks of Cherkess Zionism. They crisscross the Caucasus, pilgrims to the Old Country, still conversant in a language their ancestors spoke 150 years ago, some from Anatolian villages whose social structures have remained intact ever since their exodus in the 1860s. Among the diaspora dreamers: a retired Syrian general offering his military expertise, a prominent Turkish banker, a young businessman from Jordan, a tourist from the Serbian-dominated province of Kosovo, and an ostentatious wheeler-dealer from Berlin sporting his old Mercedes in the dusty streets of Nalchik. They came from different corners of the world searching for their roots. All insisted that "we will return and, if need be, fight our way back."

Competing with Cherkess Nalchik to lead the Caucasus away from Russia and away from reality is Grozny. Named after Ivan the Terrible and even more militant and outspoken than Nalchik, Grozny is the capital of Chechniya, which unilaterally declared itself independent from Russia a year and a half ago. Its leader, maverick former Soviet air force general Dzhokar Dudayev, plays a key role in Yuri Shanibov's Confederation. Viewed as the Moammar Qaddafi of the Caucasus, Dudayev has threatened to send his supporters to blow up nuclear power stations in Russia if Moscow attempts to overthrow him. Dudayev's bluster is taken seriously in Moscow, where the Security Ministry, Russia's renamed KGB, believes that hundreds of Chechen agents "could organize terrorist acts on order from Grozny." Recently, a Russian newspaper compared the Chechen network with Narodnaya Volia, the revolutionary party that

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employed assassination and terror in its bid to overthrow the Czarist regime.

Just back from a visit to the Gulf, Dudayev sits on the ninth floor of Government House in the center of Grozny, the Dodge City of the Caucasus, amid his newly acquired Gulf paraphernalia: a Saudi flag with its Koranic inscription on his wall and a copy of a Saudi-owned London newspaper on his desk. A town of unfinished apartment blocks and decrepit oil refineries that boasts more imported Western cars than any other formerly Soviet city, Grozny has virtually no water and has been unable to repair its broken telephone system. "The Russians are encouraging the wars here to maintain control. That's why reforms are making little headway. It's Russia's fault. Russians and Georgians are the same. Shevardnadze is a dictator, no better than Saddam Hussein or Adolf Hitler," Dudayev thundered during our interview.

Wrapping himself in the cloak of Islam, Dudayev sees the wars in the Caucasus and in Bosnia-Herzegovina as a conspiracy to suppress the Muslims. "Russia is the chief conduit for anti-Islamic aggression," he declared last year. Together with the foremost Muslim cleric in the Caucasus, Dudayev issued a statement stressing "the need to unite all the Caucasian Muslims [into a force] capable of resisting the ideology which is being imported here."

The Caucasus could be called the Russian Balkans, were not the Balkans a model of rationality by comparison. A constant battle ground for three empires—the Russian, the Turkish, and the Persian—it has been a homeland for an unparalleled mosaic of nations, tribes, languages, and dialects. Pliny, the ancient historian, wrote of one Caucasian port city alone: "We Romans did business there with the aid of 130 interpreters." Villages, sometimes only a mile apart, couldn't communicate with one another prior to the Russian annexation. As late as 1912, a Russian governor-general of the Caucasus informed the Czar that the people of the Caucasus would "submit to cohabitation only under the influence of the Russian government, without which they would plunge into bloody rivalry."

But Russian pacification is unpopular in the Caucasus with Russia being everybody's favorite villain. Armenian horror stories of Russian betrayal are matched only by Azerbaijani tales of how Russia helped the Armenians. Perfidious Russia will never be forgiven by the North Caucasians for selling them out to the Georgians, who, in turn, will never forget how Russia stabbed them in the back. All of them have a point. Unwilling to lose another part of the empire and be forced to retire to their sixteenth-century borders, Russian politicians and generals are doing their utmost to perpetuate Caucasian weaknesses, supplying arms to whoever will take them. At the same time, they present themselves as the only saviors capable of protecting the warring nations from each other's wrath and vengeance. The Caucasus is more than a precious piece of real estate. Its disintegration could give wrong ideas to other non-Slavic nationalities within the Russian Federation like Tatarstan and Bashkorostan, two Muslim and Turkic-speaking republics in central Russia. And Russians still remember the 1918-20 civil war in which the Caucasus served as a launching pad for both the Red and the White Armies. Widely ignored and under-reported, the northern Caucasus is but a part of the political equation.

Perfidious Russia will never be forgiven by the North Caucasians for selling them out to the Georgians, who, in turn, will never forget how Russia stabbed them in the back. All of them have a point.

No less crucial is the southern Caucasus, or Transcaucasus, where in 1987 the bells first started tolling for Mikhail Gorbachev's perestroika. Enmities, only thinly disguised under Soviet rule, have fully erupted in the last four years, tearing communities apart, doing away with notions of coexistence.

Nagorno-Karabakh, the impoverished, mountainous region at the heart of the Armenian-Azeri conflict, carries little practical significance, but is heavily loaded with symbolism. Controlled by Muslims for centuries and formerly part of the Azeri Khanate of Karabakh, it is seen by Armenians as the cradle of their civilization. Known in Armenian as "artzakh," or "homeland," it plays a role similar to that of Kosovo in Serbian national consciousness. Both are conflicts inspired by national myths and mythologies rather than politics. In this murky, transcendental world few are open to the dynamics of give-and-take peace negotiations. Felix Mamikonyan, Armenia's ambassador in Moscow, is one of many Armenians who boast a family tree with roots in Karabakh dating back to the twelfth century. Yet Armenians only recently became a majority in Nagorno-Karabakh. To disguise this, they have removed a memorial originally erected to commemorate the establishment last century of the first Armenian settlement in the region.

To many Armenians, the war over Nagorno-Karabakh is a struggle for national redemption. "We are fighting in Nagorno-Karabakh for the next generation, not this one," says Arkady Saakian, a gaunt, bearded 28-year-old former guerrilla leader who was crippled in the war. "When Moses took the Israelites out of Egypt, he walked them forty years through the desert until the generation with the slave mentality had died."

To the Azerbaijanis, never sure who they are and where they came from, the mountains of Karabakh constitute the battlefield on which they can reassert their identity. Denied the long tradition of statehood and nationhood enjoyed by

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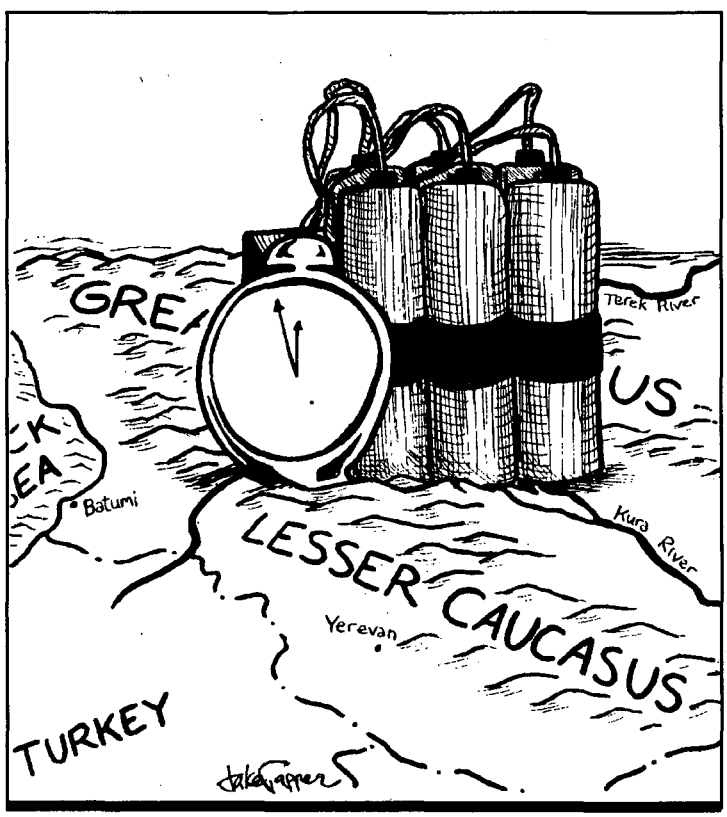
the Armenians and the Georgians, an Azerbaijani nation is already emerging in battle. War offers it the opportunity to define not only its enemies but first and foremost itself. Azerbaijan's emerging identity finds its macabre manifestation in the ever-expanding cemetery opposite parliament on Baku's Avenue of the Fallen. Almost daily, Azerbaijanis bury their war dead in Shi'ite funerals that send Baku into a frenzy. Inept handling of the war by successive Azerbaijani governments finally culminated in May in the fall of the last remaining Azerbaijani stronghold in Nagorno-Karabakh. Enough was enough. The old Communist nomenklatura in Baku was overthrown by a popular revolution, and within a month Abulfez Elchibey, an austere intellectual and fierce nationalist, came to power. An oriental linguist by training, he vowed to liberate Karabakh come September. He never did, and the very ghosts he rode to power are now coming back to haunt him.



A constant source of internal and external instability, Karabakh deprives Azerbaijan of the chance to capitalize on its enormous oil wealth, and seek shortcuts to a market economy. It bleeds Armenia to death, and forces Armenians to queue for hours late at night for meager bread rations. With no end in sight, the war provides foreign powers like Iran, anxious to expand its influence and break out of international isolation, with tempting but risky opportunities. Independent Azerbaijan is the world's only other Shi'ite nation. But it is also an example to Iran's own estimated 15 million Azeris, who may see it as their lever finally to escape Persia's embrace. Sipping tea in his presidential residence, President Elchibey reminds visitors that there is an "unwritten law" in the United States according to which people fighting for liberation should be encouraged. "If the Azerbaijanis in Iran struggle for their independence . . . they deserve to be supported," he says.

Across town from the presidential mansion, a no-nonsense Turkish general follows from his country's newly established embassy Azerbaijan's poor conduct of the war. He files grim reports to his superiors in Ankara where concern is mounting that Caucasian instability could spill over into its own territory. A Turkish nightmare envisions alliances between odd and ominous bedfellows: Christian Armenia joining hands with Shi'ite Iran to undermine secular, Western-minded Turkey and/or Armenian revolutionary socialists collaborating with Marxist Kurds in pursuit of a common dream to push the Turks out of Eastern Anatolia, and carve it up between themselves.

The nightmare is not far-fetched, given Turkey's refusal to establish normal diplomatic and economic relations with Armenia. While we stayed in Armenia, three leaders of the Kurdish Workers Party (PKK) engaged in a bloody eight-year guerrilla war against Turkey, visited Yerevan, not for the first time. At the same time, Iran is successfully luring with Armenian government support un- or under-employed Armenian physicists and nuclear scientists to work in the Islamic Republic, and last year dispatched a member of the Iranian parliament to lay a highly symbolic wreath at the Iranian Genocide Memorial in Yerevan. "Iran is a very realistic country when it comes to its neighbors. They are isolated. We can help Iran break its isolation and establish ties with Europe," a senior Armenian official, Ruben Shugarian, told us in American-accented English. In return, Armenia expects Iran to help it offset a hostile geography, which renders the small country an easy prey to its neighbors.

With the collapse of the Soviet Union, the Caucasus is rejoining the club of Middle Eastern nations it was forced to leave in the middle of the nineteenth century. The focus of foreign policy in the region, the ethnic roots of its people, and the predominance of Middle Eastern specialists in government signal the return of once lost tribes. The Caucasus is certain to emerge in the next few years as a major political and military hub, an avid importer of Middle Eastern conflicts, and an eager exporter of its own wars and rifts. An increasingly frayed Russian army in the north, numerous militias and paramilitary groups in the center, and well-armed guerrilla groups and regular armies in the south are bound to coin a new sinister term in international relations, Caucasification, or the overthrow of an entire territorial order, a quick descent into disintegration and internecine warfare, and the inevitable involvement of foreign powers. The Caucasians seem well on their way to teaching the Balkans a lesson. ❐

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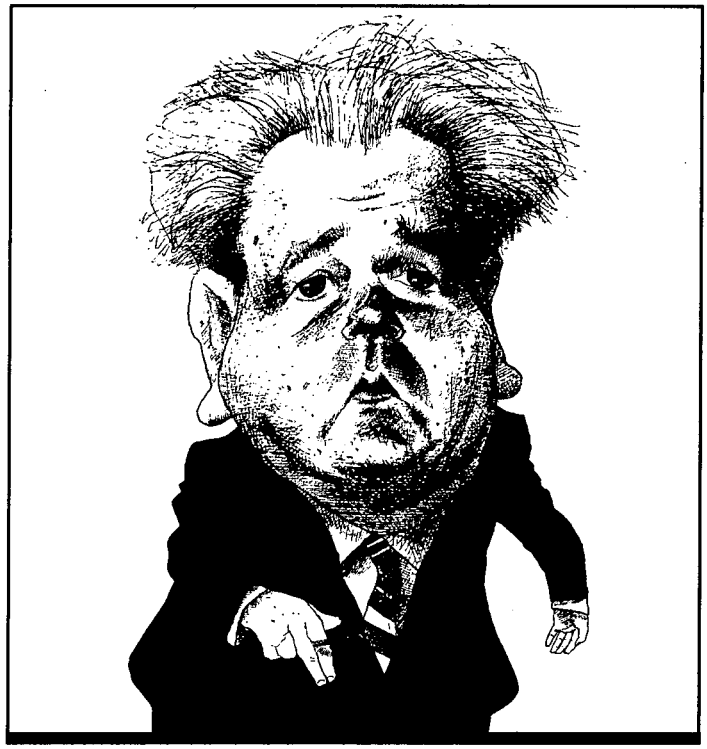
Jeffrey Gedmin

Comrade Slobo

The introverted dictator who launched the war in former Yugoslavia and intimidated the likes of Cyrus Vance and Boutros Boutros-Ghali.



Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic deplores the nationalism and extremism that has unleashed unspeakable savagery in the Balkans. At times he concedes, with gentle assurance, that "no one is blameless in Bosnia." But more frequently he absolves the Serbs. "In all our history," says Milosevic, "the Serbian people never waged any aggressive war." Today they are "defending themselves and nothing more," he insists. "We are victims of a cruel war."

With much of the world now holding him culpable, it's no wonder Milosevic expresses gratitude for the "principled, impartial, and objective role that has been played by the United Nations . . . [and] by Mr. Cyrus Vance." As Milosevic puts it, the peace proposals of U.N. envoy Vance "coincide entirely with the stand of the Republic of Serbia."

It's hard to talk about the meteoric rise of Serbia's dictator without a look at his unwitting accomplices, and in this regard the U.N. peace team tops the list. As the United States dithered over Europe's newest turmoil and European leaders buried their heads in the sand, the worst thing that could have happened, happened—the United Nations was entrusted to resolve the crisis. In the face of unrestrained Serbian aggression, first in Croatia, then in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Vance and his U.N. colleagues steadfastly rejected moves to allow Serbia's beleaguered neighbors to defend themselves. At least the Croats had their own means, albeit limited, to mount a defense. But by the logic that weapons only contribute to "a cycle of violence," Vance and his co-negotiator from the European Community, former U.K. foreign secretary Lord David Owen, have campaigned hard against modification of the international arms embargo, leaving the Slavic Moslem Bosnians at the mercy of their Serbian predators.

The embargo devastates the lightly armed Bosnians, whose initial passivity allowed Serb forces to build camps, roads, and gun deployments on hills overlooking targeted cities. While both sides import clandestinely, the Bosnians, with a handful of artillery pieces and tanks, some mortars and shoulder-fired rocket launchers, face Serb commands who have been the principal beneficiaries of the Yugoslav armed forces' matériel and equipment.

Vance's friend Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the Egyptian diplomat in charge of the United Nations, has followed a strategy predicated on the belief that Milosevic can be enticed into peace by concessions. In late December Boutros-Ghali was pleading with the Security Council to

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delay implementation of a resolution to enforce a "no-fly zone" over Bosnia because of "subtle signs" of progress in the Geneva talks. Three weeks later Sarajevo was being pounded with the heaviest Serb artillery shelling it had absorbed to date (161 rounds slammed into the city within one 24-hour period—more than twice that of previous levels). The Serbs had actually agreed to end the siege of Sarajevo and four other cities last August. It is nearly as disturbing to confront the psychology of appeasement as it is to stare into the face of evil.

As a result of Serbian "ethnic cleansing" in Bosnia tens of thousands are dead (by official count 25,000); more than 1.6 million people are homeless. A European Community report claimed in early January that Serbian forces had raped up to 20,000 Slavic women and girls as part of a systematic policy of terror designed to drive Bosnian families from their homes. The EC reports on Serbian use of rape as "an instrument of war" were followed within weeks by the U.N.'s own document on the subject. Unlike the EC findings, though, the U.N.'s assessment sought balance. While "rape ha[d] been used as an instrument of ethnic cleansing," the U.N. acknowledged in a press statement, "[the] crime of rape had been committed by combatants on all sides of the conflict . . . [and there was] no reliable method of establishing . . . figures" for rape victims. Methodological difficulties notwithstanding, the U.S. State Department was able to assert in its annual human rights report that the murder, torture, rape, and starvation perpetrated by Serbian ethnic cleansers "dwarfs anything seen in Europe since Nazi times."

In the face of unrestrained Serbian aggression, first in Croatia, then in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Vance and his U.N. colleagues steadfastly rejected moves to allow Serbia's beleaguered neighbors to defend themselves.

Officials at the U.N. are not easily moved, though. Secretary-General Boutros-Ghali snapped at an overly empathetic journalist in Sarajevo this winter, instructing the reporter, with professorial pedantry, that Bosnia is "better off than ten other places in the world." ("I can give you a list," said Boutros-Ghali.) That same month, when a convoy finally visited the besieged town of Zepa, east of Sarajevo (three previous attempts to get through had been aborted by deep snow and gunfire), U.N. officials declared the situation "less dramatic than expected." Belgrade TV had in fact already warned of "propaganda" about conditions in Zepa.

Although "pale and weakened," people were not starving, as Bosnian authorities had claimed (most were surviving on dried meat and a kind of bread made out of straw). Nor had 70 percent of Zepa been razed by Serb artillery. There were actually three doctors among the 25,000 inhabitant town (mostly war refugees), not just one as had been previously reported. U.N. representatives did not challenge the doctors' grisly report, however, that they had already carried out thirty-six amputations, seven of them on children, without anesthetics, using a hacksaw. (Six of the amputations led to the patients' death; in three cases children had perished.)

It is difficult to speculate on the motives that have driven Vance, Owen, Boutros-Ghali, and associates to coddle Milosevic. The most generous interpretation would be that they were simply duped into accepting the most popular myths that have cloaked Serb aggression: that the conflict is a civil war; that it is a war about religion, not about land; that complex ethnic hatreds are the simple root of the problem. Last August, one U.N. official even proposed creating an "information agency to combat racial hatred" in the region.

There has been no hint of vacillating in the U.N.'s strategy to sweetly coax Milosevic into civilized behavior. When Bosnia's president Alija Izetbegovic visited Washington in early January, Vance was urging U.S. officials and Secretary of State designate Warren Christopher, Vance's deputy at the Carter State Department, not to meet with the Bosnian leader lest they jeopardize the Geneva negotiations. (Izetbegovic managed to contact Bush's national security adviser Brent Scowcroft and—after quite a bit of "hand-wringing," one Clinton aide told *Newsweek*—met with transition members Leon Fuerth and Jenonne Walker.)

After Bosnia's deputy premier was summarily executed by Serbian militiamen while under U.N. guard in Sarajevo (he was killed while Izetbegovic was in Washington), Boutros-Ghali had the amazing effrontery to fault the Bosnian government. The Bosnians, wrote Boutros-Ghali in a letter to the U.N. Security Council, "failed to adhere to the Standing Operating Procedures normally applied to the escort of civilian VIPs, including prior reconnaissance, an adequate strength of [armored vehicles] and special briefings on procedures to be followed."

With the world cowering, squeamish about other countries, notably Albania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey eventually being pulled into the fray, the conflict has already marginally spilled over into Italy, Austria, and Hungary. In summer 1991, for instance, Yugoslavia's air force bombed targets near Barcz in Hungary, claiming they were bases being used to train Croatian volunteers.

So what of the man behind the madness? "Milosevic is a typical Bolshevik," says one high-ranking State Department official. "He understands and responds only to violence and the threat of violence." George Kenney, the State Department official who resigned last year over the Bush administration's inaction in Bosnia, calls him "just empty." Another American diplomat who has dealt with Milosevic for years says he's "devoid of human sentiment." When Milosevic speaks, whether to associates

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or to a crowd, he is stoic, at times sullen. His critics in Belgrade have made much of the fact that the instigator of the war has never bothered to visit his soldiers in the field, nor does he extend sympathy to the families of the fallen. Cold-blooded dictator, unquestionably. But have the U.N.'s negotiators become entangled with a clinically disturbed soul?

Imagine for a moment the stocky, middle-aged Milosevic uncooperatively sitting in a clinic, say in Davos, dressed in one of his favorite dark pinstriped suits with a starched white shirt, puffing on his Dutch cigarillos (his only indulgence) as doctors puzzle over him. They'd have plenty to mull over. His file and initial diagnosis might look something like this:

In-Take Report. Patient Slobodan Milosevic. 51 years old, married, two children: a daughter, 27 years old; a son, 18. Lawyer, banker, politician. Complicity in serial murder, rape, mayhem, extortion. History of disturbed familial relations. Both of Slobodan's parents (separated after the war) committed suicide: his father, an Eastern Orthodox theologian, when Slobodan was a teenager; his mother, a schoolteacher and orthodox Communist from a prominent upper-middle class family, when he was 33. (Slobodan also had an uncle, an army officer, who committed suicide when Slobodan was young.)

Milosevic's critics in Belgrade have made much of the fact that the instigator of the war has never bothered to visit his soldiers in the field, nor does he extend sympathy to the families of the fallen.

Slobodan has diabetes (probably insulin-dependent *diabetes mellitus*). He is married to his high school sweetheart, Mirjana Markovic (the only girlfriend he ever had). Mirjana, who comes from a prominent Communist family, also experienced a troubled childhood. Her mother was executed by Communists after the war for divulging information about partisans while under Nazi arrest.

Slobodan and Mirjana were a "humorless, loner" couple in their teens, seldom associating with other classmates. Mirjana, described by acquaintances as a "severe, intolerant" woman, is a professor of Marxist theory and chief ideologist of a hard-line Marxist party. Their different careers permit them little time together, says Slobodan. Acquaintances report a strained relationship between the two.

Slobodan has no close friends. "There is only one thing that matters to Slobo Milosevic," says an associate, "and that is Slobo Milosevic." He avoids public appearances and speeches. He spends most of his time working, though reclusively, as even high-ranking officials report limited access to the "little Mussolini." Milosevic has only one secretary, and the offices of a handful of advisers are not even housed in the same building as the president's. Serbian vice president Budimir Kosutic, a "friend" from college days, hasn't set foot in Milosevic's house or had contact with his wife in some twenty years. Slobodan isolates himself in a walled mansion in Dedinje, an affluent Belgrade suburb.

His "preternatural" calm and often expressionless communication style can be contrasted with reports of personal staff that Slobodan is given to violent fits of rage when protesters march outside the presidential palace calling for his resignation. Some who have had contact with him recently talk of Slobodan being "disconnected from reality."

Preliminary Evaluation. Slobodan probably suffers from depression (family history of suicide). He also has the characteristics of several personality disorders. Aspects of schizoid personality disorder are reflected by his restricted range of emotional experience and expression (his cold, aloof manner); his preference for "loner status" (no friends or confidants); and his self-absorbed, at times absent-minded demeanor ("disconnected from reality"). Although often occupationally impaired, some patients with this disorder sustain high occupational achievement under conditions of social isolation (the Byzantine ways of Communist politics; current reclusion).

Because Slobodan is able to sustain consistent work behavior and does not act impulsively (associates and adversaries alike describe him as shrewd and calculating), adult antisocial personality disorder should probably be ruled out. However, his aggressive behavior, if by proxy; his lack of remorse regarding the deliberate injury of others; his failure to respect lawful behavior, honor obligations and agreements; and his consistent disregard for the truth for personal gain reflect aspects of this disorder.

Finally, Slobodan's extreme reaction to criticism and rejection (when demonstrators protest), his lack of empathy, his avoidance of natural interpersonal contact, his exploitative use of relationships, and his preoccupation with power all reflect aspects of narcissistic personality disorder. Brief reactive psychosis and major depression are possible complications.

One former associate says he expects Milosevic to leave power one day with a bullet in his head, "probably by his own hand."

Of course, the human personality is complex, and circumstances will likely never permit a serious investigation of Slobodan Milosevic's mental state. Yet one need not be a psychologist to understand Serbia's ruler. In fact his pattern of behavior has been so astonishingly simple that it makes the inadequate response of Western diplomats bewildering.

Born a half century ago in Pozarevac, a small town fifty miles from Belgrade that is known for endemic syphilis and Serbia's biggest jail, Milosevic spent most of his career in apparatchik anonymity. Colorless, dutiful, and conformist,

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"Milosevic was the perfect bureaucrat," says Yale Balkanist Ivo Banac. That was until six years ago, when suddenly he discovered the magical, intoxicating power of Serbian nationalism. In April 1987, Milosevic was attending a meeting of three hundred party delegates (mostly ethnic Albanians) in Kosovo Polje, a suburb of Kosovo's capital, Pristina, when a crowd of Serbs and Montenegrins tried to force their way into the meeting hall. Armed with grievances about hardships in Kosovo (whose population in the early 1980s was 77 percent ethnic Albanian), they found their way blocked by local police, who used force to prohibit the mob's entry.

At this moment—now indelibly etched into Serbian nationalist mythology—Comrade Slobo stepped forward, commanding police to let his Serbs through: "Nobody," he told the assembled, "has the right to beat the people!" The crowd became electrified. Belgrade's official press service Tanjug reported that "citizens spontaneously sang the national anthem 'Hej Sloveni,' and shouted the slogan 'Freedom, we want freedom . . . we will not give up Kosovo.'" Milosevic was entranced: he stayed in the building until dawn—nearly thirteen hours—patiently listening to tales of Serbian persecution.

Since 1981, reports of Albanian repression of Serbian rights in Kosovo had been mounting, and Serbian out-migration had sharply increased. In fact, bleak economic conditions had as much to do with the Serbian exodus as did discrimination at the hands of Albanian authorities. But as stories spread by local Serbs of Albanian atrocities took hold, especially the allegation that Albanians were targeting Serbian women for politically motivated rape, Serb delegations began to smother Belgrade with demands for action. "The Serb has taken a vow to stay in Kosovo; let them rape, we shall rape, too," swore one agitator.

The rape reports were "greatly exaggerated," says Srdja Popovic, a well-known Belgrade human rights lawyer now living in the United States. "We found in our research," says Popovic, himself a Serb and author of a book on human rights in Kosovo, "that the ratio of Albanian rapes of Serbian women was lower than the rape of Serbs by Serbs, Albanians by Albanians, and Albanians by Serbs." (In the often surreal world of Balkan politics, this is the gruesome sort of thing scholars analyze quantitatively.) Popovic's findings are borne out by Western human rights reports from the early 1980s.

Such facts mattered little to Milosevic. "Suddenly there was a psychological change in him [as he discovered] this power over people," as one Serbian journalist put it. A party coup in December 1987 brought to power the newborn nationalist, who immediately seized every opportunity as chief of Serbia's Communists to exploit a national delusion of Serb victimization. It was a simple, dangerous fact, Milosevic sustained as his mantra, "that Serbia's enemies outside [and] in the country are plotting against it." "Amidst the general discontent caused by Communism," observes Mihajlo Mihajlov, the Tito-era dissident who now works for Radio Free Europe, "it was easy to whip up hysteria by accusing Tito, who was a Croat, of having pursued anti-Serb policy." Indeed hysteria was soon to become the order of the day.

Responding to the violent tremors that were shattering the Soviet bloc, the six Yugoslav republics held elections in 1990, with Communist parties defeated everywhere except Montenegro and Serbia. In Serbia the Communists, now called the Serbian Socialist party, won 48 percent of the vote. And Milosevic, masterfully rechanneling intense animosity toward Communism into nationalistic hostility, was directly elected to the presidency with 65 percent of the electorate's support. If "nationalism is the last stage of Communism," as Polish intellectual Adam Michnik has contended, then the Milosevic variety could be a harbinger of dark developments in other corners of the expired Soviet empire. (Milosevic may be waiting for a powerful ally in the successor to Boris Yeltsin, who, under pressure from the right, has taken more of a pro-Belgrade tilt in recent months.)

While Milosevic claimed in principle to respect democratic outcomes elsewhere, he also sought, quite predictably, to retain Yugoslavia's unity with Serbian dominance. Power is power, no matter the ideological mask. Milosevic had quietly referred to things to come in his 1989 autobiography, *Godina Raspleta* (Outcome of Events), writing that "those areas and individuals whose interests are being imperiled will be against . . . the changes" already on the horizon. He had also declared that "Serbia has no pretensions to the territory of other republics." But as

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Yugoslavia disintegrated, he was busy drafting a blueprint for a "Greater Serbia" that was in place by 1991.

In August of that year, Serbia's leader summoned to Belgrade officials of the republics of Montenegro and Bosnia-Herzegovina, the latter represented by Bosnian Serb Radovan Karadzic, to date Milosevic's chief proxy in the Bosnian ethnic cleansing campaign. Not surprisingly, Karadzic participated in the meetings against the wishes of Alija Izetbegovic, who, as representative of the largest party in Bosnia's ruling coalition, declined an invitation to attend. "He wants the whole of Bosnia. He wants it all," Izetbegovic was already warning.

Indeed, Milosevic and his allies called for the enlargement of Serbia to a new state of 14 million, of which more than 9 million would be Serbs. Milosevic's Greater Serbia included the current Serbia, Montenegro (whose citizens consider themselves a subgroup of the Serbian nation), Bosnia-Herzegovina, approximately one-third of Croatia, and of course the provinces of Vojvodina and Kosovo. "Kosovo is not merely another part of Serbia," Milosevic likes to say, "[it] is the heart of Serbia." The game for expansion was afoot.

"We found in our research that the ratio of Albanian rapes of Serbian women was lower than the rape of Serbs by Serbs, Albanians by Albanians, and Albanians by Serbs."

Meanwhile, Milosevic had been disabling foes within Serbia in a painstakingly methodical fashion. He permitted limited independent print media for window-dressing "pluralism" in Belgrade, understanding that the vast majority of Serbs rely on state-controlled television for their news. He allowed government-manipulated elections last December, winning nearly 57 percent. But no one seriously expected Milosevic to give up power even if he had lost. He had already conceded to a French journalist in 1989 that he preferred "a system without parties."

Milosevic purged potential adversaries in the military and gave the armed forces a new mission: "the biological survival of the Serbian people," as one of Milosevic's generals stated it in regard to operations in Bosnia, where Serbs make up around a third of the population. He also unsentimentally disposed of his friend and mentor Ivan Stambolic, Serbia's state president, who had outlived his usefulness. It had been thanks to indispensable support from Stambolic that Milosevic had risen through the ranks of Communist-controlled companies and banks during his early professional years. He followed Stambolic's footsteps, for instance, as director of Technogas, a state-owned energy company, and president of Beobanka, the United Bank of Belgrade. When Stambolic moved to politics in the mid-1980s, assuming the presidency of Serbia, his protégé was not far behind. Milosevic became Stambolic's number two, as chief of the Serbian Communist party. "I never saw anyone invest so much of their influence, their power, in another person as Ivan Stambolic invested in Slobodan Milosevic," Draza Markovic, Milosevic's uncle by marriage told the *New York Times*'s Stephen Engelberg. Milosevic turned on Stambolic by accusing him of betraying the Serbs in Kosovo. Milosevic's mentor and rival moved back into banking.

To cloak himself more authentically in the mantle of Serbian nationalism Milosevic embraced the Serbian Orthodox church. In June 1989, Milosevic and church dignitaries jointly commemorated the 1389 Battle of Kosovo, a defeat of the Serbian army of King Lazar by the Ottomans that figures prominently in the Serbian mythology of unfulfilled conquest and occupation. Milosevic also drew Serbian ultranationalist and novelist Dobrica Cosic under his wing, seeing to it that Cosic, whom many Serbs view as the spiritual father of their nation, was elected president of the new "Yugoslavia" (the Serb-Montenegrin federation) last June. A quarter of a century ago, Cosic had criticized Communist officials for ignoring what he called the "chauvinistic bent and nationalist psychosis" among Albanians in Kosovo. They "threatened" Serbs and Montenegrins, "pressure[d] . . . them to emigrate," and "removed [them] from positions of power," lamented Cosic at the time. In 1986, Cosic had been the leading author of a now infamous memorandum issued by the Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts that contended that Serbs were the most politically persecuted people of Yugoslavia. Mike Harpke, a regional specialist at the University of Wisconsin, says the memorandum was "nothing more than a thinly veiled blueprint for ethnic cleansing."

Srdja Popovic told me he once had the chance to ask Cosic about his first impressions of Milosevic. "The only word I get could from him," says Popovic, "was 'fascinating.' It was as if Cosic, an intellectual and artist, had become spellbound by Milosevic, the practitioner, a man who possessed both the will *and* the means to actually implement the ideas that Cosic held so close to his heart." At the same time "Milosevic saw Cosic as he sees everyone," says one senior U.S. diplomat, "a pawn to be used." It's not inconceivable that even a national icon like Cosic could one day become expendable.

It was in consonance with the stated objectives of the Academy's memorandum that in late 1988 and early 1989 Milosevic began directing his harshest rhetoric at Vojvodina and Kosovo. In Kosovo the "physical, political, legal, and cultural genocide against the Serb population," as the authors of the memorandum put it, cried out for intervention. Milosevic closed newspapers and used police to occupy the meeting places of local dissidents. He organized demonstrations that forced local leaders from power,

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permitting installation of his own supporters who in Kosovo banned the use of the Albanian language in schools and media. He abolished the government and legislature of both provinces (and also of Montenegro), eliminating the semi-autonomy they had enjoyed since the 1974 Yugoslav constitution.

Kosovo is a police state today, but Milosevic still invokes it as a threat when he senses power slipping away. Serbs, who make up less than 10 percent of the population, are "not a minority in Kosovo," insists Milosevic, a master of cognitive dissonance. "Kosovo is Serbia and will always be Serbia."

It's no wonder many observers believe Kosovo will be the real powder keg in former Yugoslavia, with the Bosnian bloodbath just a prelude. Ibrahim Rugova, leader of the Albanians in Kosovo, says ethnic cleansing of the province's two million ethnic Albanians is "still Milosevic's ultimate objective."

By the time war brushed Slovenia (which had no Serbian minority), then more forcefully Croatia, then even pitiful little Bosnia, many of Milosevic's supporters were losing their stomach for Slobo's crusade. Serbian intellectuals, who originally supported Milosevic, have turned against him, and the opposition in Belgrade, a portion of it democratic, has overcome its initial anemia. (Milosevic still enjoys his greatest support among rural villagers.) The Orthodox church, previously a devoted ally, has indirectly called for an end to Milosevic's rule. Even Cosic has distanced himself from the war and criticized his patron, though most observers believe he remains committed to a "kinder, gentler" ethnic cleansing in Bosnia. Cosic still maintains that it's "absolute nonsense" to claim that Serbs have been the aggressor in the war.

For a mercurial manipulator these apparent defections are not setbacks, but rather part of an addictive game of deception and illusion. Milosevic has used Cosic much as he used Milan Panic, the naive Serbian-born U.S. citizen who, as Comrade Slobo's hand-picked prime minister, was allowed to act out his fantasies as peacemaker until he pushed too far. Panic blamed Milosevic's war policies for Serbia's international isolation and its "economic chaos." The relative moderation projected by Cosic and Panic has given a tiny veneer of respectability to the Milosevic regime over the past year, fueling diplomatic hopes in the west that negotiations have not yet lost their utility.

As Milosevic has had his use for the likes of Panic and Cosic, on the right he has also been able to manipulate Vojislav Seselj, leader of the Serbian radical party, the second-largest in the parliament. It is to Seselj that Milosevic points when he brazenly cautions his detractors of the "dark, conservative forces" gathering within the country. Seselj, who performed admirably as Milosevic's agent in the campaign that ousted Panic from parliament in December, is an unmasked ethnic cleanser who has turned his Ph.D. thesis on "The Essence of Militarism and Fascism" into a doctrine of genocide. In a 1991 interview with *Der Spiegel*, Seselj bluntly conceded his desire to reduce Croatia "to as much as one can see from the tower of the cathedral in Zagreb. If this is not enough for the Croats, then we will take everything." Serb militants in Kosovo have called for Seselj, who now advocates "ethnic cleansing" inside Serbia itself, to be named defense minister so he can "declare open war" on ethnic Albanians.

After three years of emboldening the Serbs—first by supporting Milosevic's bid to retain Yugoslav unity by force, later by ruling out punitive actions against Serb forces—the Bush administration chose to stiffen its rhetoric during its final months in office. Assistant Secretary of State Thomas M.T. Niles conceded to the Senate Armed Services Committee that Milosevic's determination to create a Greater Serbia posed "an enormous challenge to the international community." While the president's representative to the U.N., Edward J. Perkins, denounced Belgrade's "vile policy of 'ethnic cleansing'" and "egregious" abuse of human rights, Lawrence Eagleburger, James Baker's successor at the State Department and the principal spokesman for the Bush policy of passive acquiescence, announced that the U.S. would seek the prosecution of ten war criminals involved in Balkan atrocities—seven were Serbs, with Milosevic heading the list. The President himself warned Milosevic in a letter delivered in late December that military intervention was certain if the conflict spread to Kosovo.

After more than a dozen failed cease-fires, and the most recent collapse of peace talks in January, Cyrus Vance and David Owen left their sixth-floor suite of offices in the Palace of Nations in Geneva (seat of the old League of Nations) and descended on a new administration in Washington to enlist the means to enforce the U.N.'s latest plan. Vance had thanked Milosevic, who "had worked hard" and "contributed much" to the talks, and Lord Owen remained confident that their team had in hand "a serious negotiated, comprehensive peace settlement," as he told CNN.

President Clinton, who talked tough on Bosnia throughout his campaign, decided, at least for a moment, to rethink the hard line. After reportedly "agonizing" over the Vance-Owen plan (because of the "deep respect felt for Mr. Vance," according to the *New York Times*), officials of the new administration have opted for modification of the peace plan. Secretary of State Warren Christopher has vowed to bring "the full weight of American diplomacy" to the search for a resolution of the conflict in Bosnia.

But new plans, like the Vance-Owen proposals before them, will not work. They will not work because a negotiated settlement with war criminals is not a reliable way to reach a just peace. Simply, negotiations will not work because Milosevic wants war. He wants war because he needs war to stay in power. As Bosnian vice president Ejup Janic puts it: "Slobodan Milosevic is riding a bicycle he can only stop now by crashing." ❐

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Paper Cuts

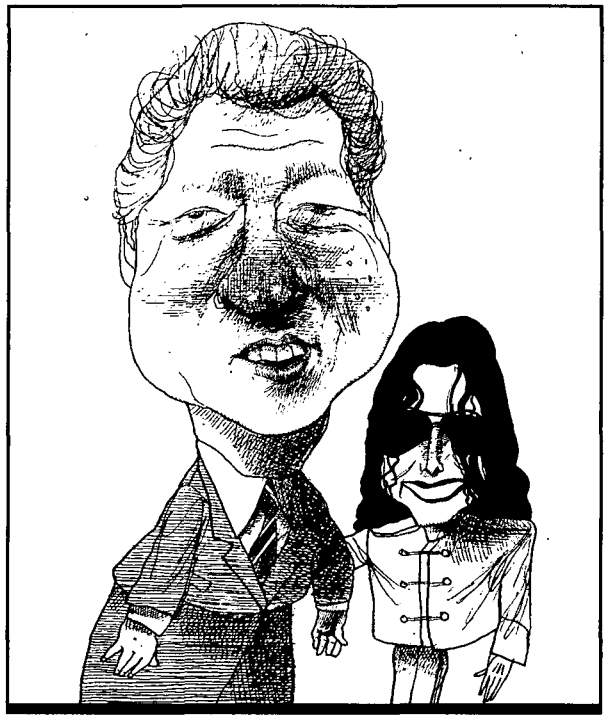
by Zelda Novak

In an attempt to soften up the American people for coming tax increases, President Bill Clinton announced a plan to share the nation's sacrifice by reducing his own White House staff by 25 percent, and cutting salaries 6 to 9 percent. "We in government can't ask the American people to change if we will not do the same," said the belt-tightening Clinton.

To fulfill his promise, Clinton engaged in some creative accounting: he first narrowed the pool of jobs subject to elimination by exempting the bloated Office of Management and Budget and the United States Trade Representative from cuts. This left a baseline of only 1,394 jobs, from which Clinton cut 350, or 25 percent. According to information acquired by Citizens for a Sound Economy through a Freedom of Information Act request to the Office of Personnel Management, even this figure is suspect. Of the 1,394 jobs under Bush, 275 were held by "detailees," i.e., those who are employed by other government agencies, but sent "on loan" to the White House. Many of Clinton's "reductions" are merely shifts of detailees to other agencies.

Clinton's 350 number, then, is more correctly seen as a number between 75 and 350, and more likely closer to the former—detailees are easier to cut, since many are not really being cut at all. If so, this would mean a cut in actual White House personnel of *five* percent. But White House Communications Director George Stephanopoulos tried to turn even this inconsistency to political advantage. "We wanted to make sure we had a hard, straight count," he said at a February 9 press conference. "Had we not included the detailees in this calculation, it would have been fair to come back and say to us, well, you have more bodies there, you're just playing a mathematical game. We're not doing that."

But this *is* a mathematical game: adding detailees to the equation doesn't mean increasing the scope of the cuts; it means *diluting* it, by adding jokers to the pack of discards. What it means is that the Clinton administration can take credit for making cuts without losing bureaucratic power—and perhaps even gaining it. For example, Bush's Office of the President employed 461, while only 392 were on the White House payroll. Clinton plans to "reduce" this office to 419. Again, given that detailees are likely to be hit first, a de facto *increase* is possible.



The only real reductions were in offices with no clout—the Council on Environmental Quality, the National Space Council, the Office of Administration, and the Office of National Drug Control Policy. With Al Gore on hand, CEQ would have been eliminated under any circumstances, just as Vice President George Bush's Task Force on Regulatory Relief was replaced by Dan Quayle's Competitiveness Council. And with Dan Quayle out of the picture, who needs his Space Council?

The Office of National Drug Control Policy, which suffered a third of the staff reductions, had no "czar" to complain. Acting Director John Walters resigned in protest of the cuts, refusing to participate in the "hypocrisy" of emasculating the agency while claiming to strengthen it by giving it cabinet-table status. (The drug czar has *always* sat at the cabinet table when drug related issues were discussed.) "The obvious thing that happened is President Clinton doesn't care about the drug problem," said Walters.

The forty-seven messengers, computer technicians, and accountants fired from the Office of Administration were easy marks, being similarly leaderless and having no one to protest on their behalf. They were not verifiable Clinton loyalists, having undergone no political "vetting" before being hired; and, furthermore, were subject to the Hatch Act, which prohibits certain government employees from campaigning and other political activities. These

Zelda Novak, who worked in Vice President Quayle's office from 1989 to 1993, is a reporter living in Washington.

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forty-seven mostly minority employees were thus of little use to Clinton. (It's an irony, of course, that Clinton, after numerous vague campaign promises about "healing" our racial conflicts, should have chosen the most ethnically diverse of the White House offices for some of his cruelest cuts.)

High on Clinton's hit list were nineteen "worker bee" employees of the White House Correspondence Office, mostly older women, some of whom have worked in the White House since the Nixon and Johnson administrations, and who worked for low wages "at the pleasure of the president," unprotected by the federal career civil service system. While several were hired during the Reagan and Bush administrations, they were considered non-political and did not have to be "vetted" before being hired. Their job was to sort the mail and send out letters following responses drafted by political appointees.

The last piece of White House stationery they handled was a letter from Marsha Scott, now the Clinton director of presidential correspondence, asking them to make way for the Clinton loyalists: "We are in the process of making significant reductions in personnel. At the same time, we are also bringing in people from our own team to work in each area. It is therefore with great sadness that I must terminate your employment."

What does it say about Clinton that the first people he fired are the very sort he says he was elected to help? These are the people who "work hard and play by the rules," who will lack the resources to get health care and job training once thrown out of their jobs. Since the "worker bees" were not protected by career civil service regulations, many were forced into early retirement only a few years or months before they would have been entitled to collect their pensions. One woman had only four more years until retirement, and will have a difficult time getting health insurance, given her recent cancer surgery. (She was rehired, after a petitioning campaign on her behalf by employees who escaped the axe. Whether this was due to heightened press interest in the plight of the "little old ladies" or to a twinge of conscience on the Clintonistas' part is unclear. But the prospect of "unfirings" certainly had the effect of making some of the "worker bees" less willing to speak for attribution to this reporter.) Another had only one year before she was scheduled to retire, and now cannot support her unemployed husband. There is real fear among the worker bees of high-handed retaliation should any of them complain: one of them, younger and in less dire straits, spoke on the condition of anonymity, lest the Clinton people look up her maiden name on her 171 form, and get her father fired from his federal job.

The firing of the long-term career staff of the correspondence office came on the heels of a pep-talk from Marsha Scott, an interior decorator by profession. Scott asked the staff to make a wish list of new furniture they would like, and reassured them that "the department was going to expand, that we were going to work as a team, and that, by gosh, we're going to have fun doing it"—all this while the Clinton bean-counters were

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already licking their chops. The workers began to distrust their new supervisors when word spread that Acting Deputy Director of Presidential Correspondence Sandy Hudnall, unbeknownst to her, had been overheard in the ladies' room saying, "They think I'm being nice now, but just wait and see"—and, as she flushed the toilet—"There goes another Bush person."

Now that Clinton has demonstrated his willingness to share the pain of the American people, his aides are sending up trial balloons concerning a possible request for an additional $3 million to beef up the personnel office, and a possible application of the $10 million they expect to save from staff cuts to go to new computer equipment to replace that which was purchased in Bush's mid-term. While these expenditures cannot be considered of the perk variety, real progress is being made on that front. White House cars, which are there to transport one to any "official" function at a moment's notice, will be reduced from 108 to 104, the posh White House mess will be open to everyone, and more employees will be able to sit in the Kennedy Center's presidential box. As we go to press, there is still no word about the tennis courts. ❐

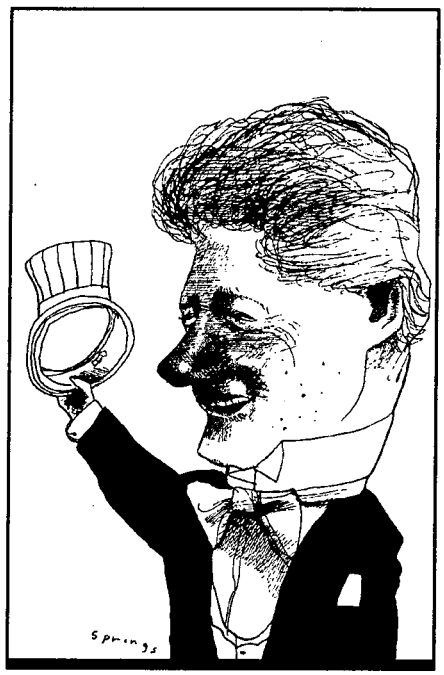
Rule by the Rich

by Sandy Hume

At first glance, President Clinton would seem to have kept his promise to appoint, as one transition official put it, "more than the usual white boys who run Washington." Indeed, he appointed four women, four blacks, and two Hispanics. But the cabinet that Clinton said repeatedly would "look like America" looks a great deal more like Washington. It includes fourteen lawyers and nine millionaires (more than either the Reagan or Bush cabinets had), many with Ivy League and Oxford credentials. Every member made over $100,000 last year, a claim that only 1.8 percent of Americans can make. With no neoconservatives and a preponderance of Wall Street liberals and Washington lobbyists, his cabinet is hardly politically diverse. Clinton has replaced the cabinet he criticized as elitist and "out of touch" with Americans with an even wealthier Democratic elite.

Secretary of the Treasury Lloyd Bentsen is the patriarch of the group. An inheritance, a reign as head of an insurance company, and various investments have made him a millionaire many times over. (Financial disclosure forms, which require the listing of assets only in broad categories, indicate Bentsen's assets to be worth at least $5.9 million.)

One Bentsen investment, first reported by Jeff Gerth in the *New York Times*, illustrates the type of profit that Clinton condemned as a candidate. In 1988, J. Livingston Kosberg, a Texas savings-and-loan operator, asked Bentsen to join a small, select group investing in a computer company. Bentsen, who had previously represented Kosberg before federal regulators, bought $100,000 worth of stock, which grew in value to between $600,000 and $1.2 million in three years. But the use of a collapsing S&L to create the company, later investigated by regulators, proved to be a violation of federal banking laws, and Kosberg was fined $2.4 million. Bentsen escaped with an impressive profit.



Secretary of State Warren Christopher collected a salary of just under $1 million as chairman of his Los Angeles law firm, O'Melveny and Myers, which represents numerous American and Japanese clients. His total assets, worth at least $4.2 million, include retirement benefits from the firm and his directorships at the Lockheed Corporation and the First Interstate Bank. His deputy, Clifton R. Wharton, sits on the boards of the Ford Motor Company and the New York Stock Exchange. He earned over $1 million last year as the chairman and CEO of TIAA-CREF, a pension fund that claims to be the largest in the world.

Secretary of Commerce Ron Brown has been one of the premier lawyer-lobbyists in Washington, a partner at the powerful firm of Patton, Boggs and Blow. He received a salary of roughly $580,000 from the firm, in addition to a $1 million buyout of his partnership interest and an $89,000 salary as DNC chairman. Brown has represented several Japanese corporations and foreign governments, the most notorious of which was Haiti under the Duvalier regime.

Sony Music Entertainment was but one of the firms willing to put up $10,000 for the "Friends of Ron Brown" inauguration gala, cancelled after the press caught wind of it and a major embarrassment loomed. Brown saw nothing objectionable about the event, despite the fact that the corporate sponsors would have issues before the Commerce Department. This cavalier approach to conflict of interest was the rule for Brown; it was only after Mississippi Sen. Trent Lott voiced objections that Brown agreed to break ties with former clients and not discuss Commerce matters with former colleagues.

Madeleine Albright, who will enjoy cabinet status as the ambassador to the United Nations, is also a millionaire. The

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Georgetown Foreign Service professor holds a wide variety of stocks and bonds, from Apple Computer to PepsiCo to Walgreen, with a total value of at least $3.1 million.

Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary received a $271,148 salary as executive vice president of the Northern States Power Company in Minneapolis. Her diverse portfolio includes bonds from Kodak, the Tennessee Valley Authority, and McDonald's, as well as stock in Avon, Bausch & Lomb, General Electric, NYNEX, and many others, bringing her worth to at least $2.4 million.

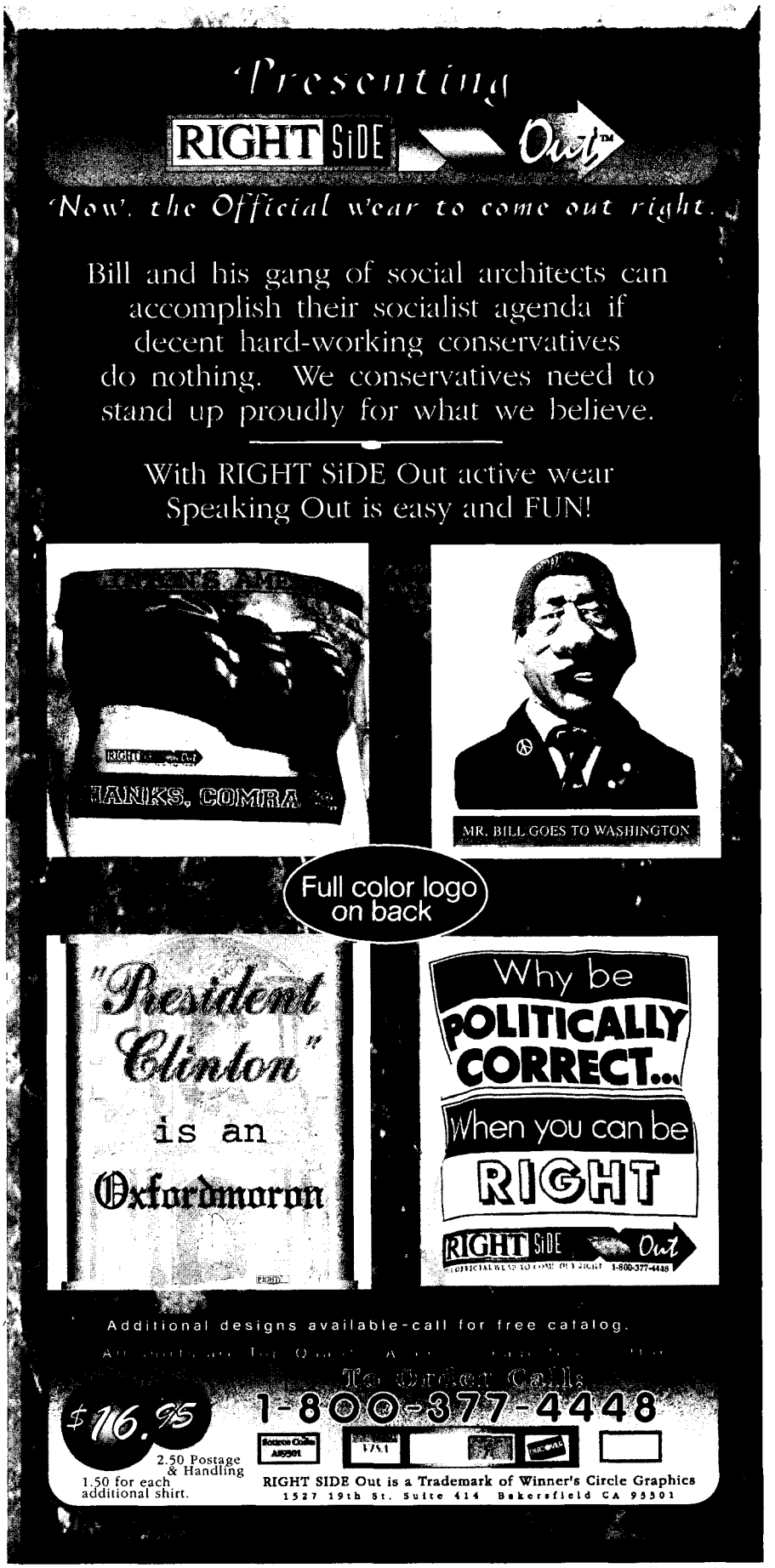
As a Harvard lecturer, Labor Secretary Robert Reich earned $75,000, to which he added over $100,000 in consulting fees and book royalties and a striking $334,400 in honoraria. His net worth is estimated to be more than $1.4 million.

U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor, a friend of the Clintons who served with Hillary on the board of the Legal Services Corporation, collected as partner of the L.A. law firm of Manatt, Phelps, Phillips and Kantor a salary of $314,730. His other assets, including Shearson Lehman holdings, put his net worth near $2 million.

Secretary of Education Richard Riley, former governor of South Carolina, received a $445,317 salary from his law firm, Nelson, Mullins, Riley & Scarborough. The Duke Endowment also paid him $107,988, and together with other assets (including a clam and scallop farm), Riley enjoys a net worth of over $1.25 million.

Bruce Babbitt, who made $250,000 from his law firm Steptoe & Johnson, is like others in the cabinet who reported assets in the high six figures, but, because of the vagueness of disclosure forms, cannot be confirmed millionaires. HUD Secretary Henry Cisneros, an avid lecturer who reported roughly $250,000 in speaking fees alone last year, HHS Secretary Donna Shalala, and Veterans' Affairs Secretary Jesse Brown also fall into this group.

It was once said that Eisenhower's cabinet consisted of seven millionaires and a plumber. It should come as no surprise that a joke making the rounds in Washington compares Clinton's cabinet to Eisenhower's—without the plumber. ❐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Congress's Feisty Frosh

by Grover G. Norquist

On January 5, 1993, the 103rd Congress was sworn in with 110 new members. This unusually large influx of new blood was caused by the decennial redistricting for the nineties, the House Bank and House Post Office scandals, and the congressional golden parachute that allowed members of the House to add their campaign war chests to their government pensions if they retired in 1992. (From now on, congressional retirees will have to subsist on pensions averaging a total of $1.4 million.)

While the 1992 campaign had all candidates using "change" as a mantra, the forty-seven new Republicans and sixty-three new Democrats in the House will only accelerate recent trends in both parties. The Republican freshmen are moving their party to the right, and toward confrontation as a strategy. The new Democrats continue to cede power to the House leadership, and to press the scales in favor of the American left by changing election laws and the rules of the House.

This will make for an interesting next two years, as an increasingly vocal Republican leadership runs up against an increasingly closed system. Republicans can expect frustration: while the Senate offers more opportunity to challenge Democrats, only in the House do Republicans possess the will to do so. Nothing may move, but sparks will fly.

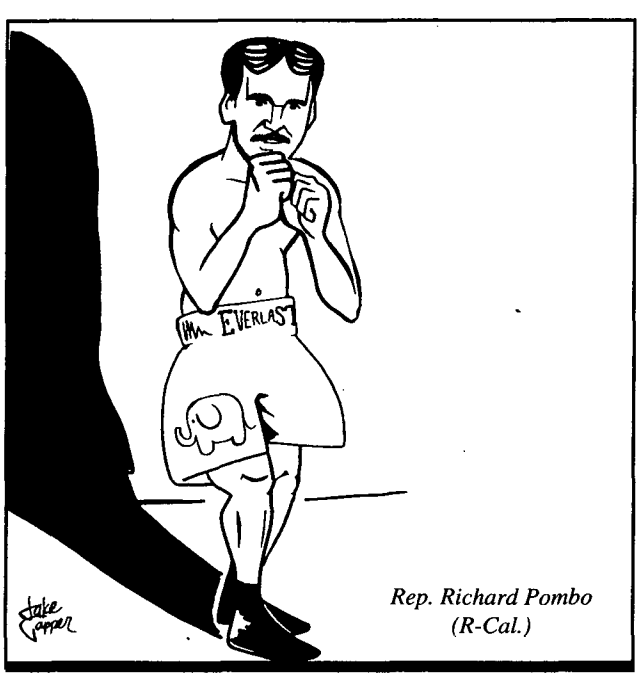
First, the Republican changes: The forty-seven Republican freshmen make up almost a third of the 177 Republicans in the House. They immediately moved to place their stamp on the House leadership. While minority leader Bob Michel and whip Newt Gingrich were re-elected without a challenge, Dick Armey won a critical race for the number-three spot in the leadership, chairman of the Republican conference, by defeating incumbent Jerry Lewis by four votes. Lewis had shared Michel's unwillingness to confront the Democrats. In his seconding speech for Armey, Ohio freshman Martin Hoke explained why most of the new Republicans feel compelled to confront the Democrats:

> I was elected because the American people are fed up with the status quo. They want change. . . . We've lost our momentum, not because the two parties have changed, but because our leadership has not effectively expressed the differences between us. We need Dick Armey to draw these contrasts in a persuasive and convincing manner. . . . The lesson of the last four years is clear: the more we act like them, the more we lose; the more we act like us, the more we win. I haven't been here long, but I've figured that much out.

The freshmen then went on to spearhead the election of Tom DeLay of Texas over Bill Gradison of Ohio as conference secretary. Gradison barely campaigned, expecting, he told friends, to win based on his seniority and ability to get along. This year, "getting along" was not viewed as an asset.

Reports from Republican leadership meetings now read like dispatches from a War Room. Newt Gingrich has been emboldened by the reinforcements, and aggressive new leadership is also to be found in John Kasich of Ohio, the ranking member on Budget, a position usually filled by an accommodationist, in the interest of politely dividing up the spoils. It remains for Kasich to find professional staff who can neutralize the accommodationist expertise of Pete Domenici, his Senate counterpart.

Having radically changed their leadership, the forty-seven freshmen demanded and won in conference a House Republican rule change that will place a six-year limit on a member's service as ranking member of a committee. A similar boomlet in the House Democratic caucus went nowhere. On the Senate side, the newly elected senator from Utah, Robert Bennett, who had promised similar action in his campaign, made no effort to get a vote in the Republican caucus.



Rep. Richard Pombo (R-Cal.)

Grover G. Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform.

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The fireworks continued when the House Republicans agreed to try to limit the re-authorization of funding of the four Select Committees—Aging; Hunger; Narcotics; and Children, Youth and Families. With ninety staffers, these committees spend more than $4 million each year, and do little more than provide opportunities for members to grandstand. They are not "real" committees like Ways and Means or Armed Services, which actually draft and forward legislation to the full House. Confident of their control in the House, Democrats rejected the Republicans' compromise offer of a one-year funding re-authorization, opting instead to pursue full funding for two years. This left the Republicans with no choice but to vote to end the committees' existence. When the Narcotics Committee came up for the first vote, the House voted 237 to 180 not to give them any money.

Forty-five of the freshmen Republicans voted to kill this wasteful committee, as opposed to eighteen of the sixty-three Democratic freshmen. It took the votes of sixty-four non-freshman Democrats to defeat re-authorization—including the leaders of real committees who resent having to face competition from the grandstanders.

Furious at losing control of their members, the Democratic leadership knew it would lose the votes on the next three committees as well. House Majority Leader Richard Gephardt thus moved to adjourn, promising "extensive consultation about how and when to proceed with the other committee questions"—i.e., arm-twisting. Still scrambling, Gephardt was pulled from the fire by House Republican Leader Michel, who asked, "Mr. Speaker, if I might be so bold as to suggest that an easy way out of the particular predicament for all of these select committees would be frankly to . . . extend all of them for one year."

Gephardt replied, "I appreciate the gentleman's suggestion." Well he might, but the House Republican freshmen did not appreciate seeing their first victory thrown away in favor of a compromise position no longer needed. They made their disgust unmistakably clear in an unprecedented number of phone calls to Michel, Gingrich, Armey, and DeLay.

To suit the radical freshmen, the Republican leadership now rejects Michel's compromise position. The new battle cry is "No prisoners," meaning no funding for any of the four committees. Unable to bribe, threaten, or cajole enough Democrats, the Democratic leadership has reneged on its promise of another vote. If no vote is taken before March 31, the four committees will cease to exist and their funding will flow into the infamous Speaker's Slush Fund. A chastened Republican leadership is working with the freshmen to demand a vote to kill the committees and withdraw the funding—keeping it free from the clutches of the Speaker of the House and his chief of staff, who doubles as his wife.

Unlike their Republican counterparts, the Democratic freshmen arrived in Washington as sheared sheep. In three regional meetings with them, Speaker Tom Foley and other Democratic leaders drove home the point that good committee assignments would flow from absolute loyal-

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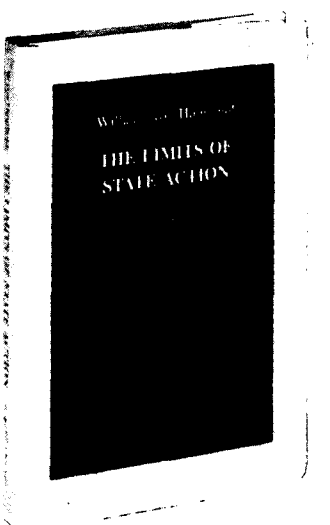

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ty. (The meetings were all financed by Washington lobbyists.) Meanwhile, these freshmen Democrats were ordered not to attend a bipartisan Omaha "Freshman Summit" scheduled to meet a few weeks after the election to unite the entire 1992 class in a fight for congressional reform. Many of Foley's deputies had come to Washington as part of the "Watergate Baby" class of 1974, and they remember the damage that seventy-five freshmen Democrats inflicted on the older, seniority-based Democrat leadership. Those who had overthrown the old order were not about to allow sixty-three freshmen to rock the boat. None did. Not a single Democrat showed up in Omaha.

Six Democratic freshmen had committed to attend the nonpartisan, privately funded, conservative-oriented conference in Annapolis co-sponsored by the Heritage Foundation, the Free Congress Foundation, and the Family Research Council. These six were gently reminded that membership on "juice" committees would be denied those who fraternized with conservatives. (A juice committee controls legislation with the potential to damage an entire industry; its members thus enjoy the unmatched munificence of protection-seeking industry-backed PACs.)

The Freshmen Democrats were also buffaloed into voting for certain rules changes that stripped them of much of their potential power as a group or as individuals. These rules changes give the speaker the right to remove House members from conference committees at will. A conference committee is composed of House and Senate members of both parties who meet to iron out differences between House and Senate versions of the same legislation. Conference committees can be critical in shaping the final details of legislation.

For instance, it was during just such a conference in 1980 that Rhode Island Rep. Freddy St Germain—in the dead of night—helped set the stage for the savings and loan problem by increasing the federal deposit insurance exposure from $40,000 per person to $100,000 per *account*. This without a hearing or a vote in either house of Congress.

Under the new rules, any Republican or Democratic House member who objects to such shenanigans can be pulled off the conference committee by Speaker Foley. The new rules also allow Foley two days to respond to "questions of privilege," motions that in the last Congress served to allow Republicans to force embarrassing votes on the House check-kiting and Post Office scandals.

Of course, the changes in the rules also gave Speaker Foley five additional votes to pad his already generous partisan majority. Now the delegates (not House members) from the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, Guam, American Samoa (population: 32,395), and the U.S. Virgin Islands (pop. 95,214) will be able to vote in the Committee of the Whole House—in essence giving them a vote on the floor equal to that of any other member (population of the average congressional district: 570,352).

Democrats have tried to deflect criticism by arguing that the five extra votes won't really count, promising to vote again should any vote in the Committee of the Whole be decided by those five votes. Nonetheless, the psychological advantage will remain. The move cuts in half the 10-vote gain registered by Republicans in the 1992 elections. All votes reported in the press will appear to give the Democratic position an additional five supporting votes. Meanwhile, forcing a second vote on close issues will give the Democratic leadership time to twist arms before the roll is called again.

In any event, the measure is almost certainly unconstitutional (Foley himself made this point on the House floor in 1970), and it is a mark of their servility that all sixty-three of the Democratic freshmen present cast their votes at Foley's direction to expand the delegates' power.

Foley & Co.'s power grab includes the just-passed "Motor Voter" bill, which will register to vote any applicant for a driver's license or welfare. Under this bill, Zoë Baird's chauffeur could be registered to vote in the state of Connecticut, and in his Peruvian hometown. "Motor Voter" goes further, and forbids local or state governments from dropping voters from the rolls even if they haven't voted for the last four, ten, or even fifty years. The bill institutionalizes Chicago-style voter fraud opportunities in states that heretofore have been honest. (Republican Richard Pombo of California unsuccessfully tried to offer an amendment that would have registered taxpayers to vote when they paid their taxes.)

Why the difference in direction between this year's freshman classes? Why the successful party revolt in the Republican ranks and the hangdog "check your constituents at the door" approach of the Democrats?

One answer is term limits. California freshman Pombo—who made a famous phone call to Bob Michel following the select committee sell-out—says bluntly, "I have six years to make changes in Congress. I have no time to waste." Pombo says his term-limited compatriots "are not interested in learning the system, they want to change it." The Democratic leadership keeps reassuring its members that it will use tax dollars to fight term limits in the courts. The Republican platform, by contrast, has endorsed term limits since 1988.

A second reason is the lack of a Republican president. There is no White House to defer to. The Free Congress Foundation's Paul Weyrich points out that this incoming freshman class is the feistiest, most determined, and most self-starting since 1978—another year without a Republican in the White House. "Even the moderates," Weyrich says, "are spoiling for a fight and listening to no one who says, 'Let's wait and see.'"

Third, for the first time the conservatives ran a congressional training conference in direct competition with the traditional taxpayer-funded "Welcome to Congress" seminar held at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government. The Republican House leadership wrote to all elected Republicans and urged them to attend the conservative Annapolis conference and *not* the Harvard conference. Last December, thirty-two Republican freshmen attended the Free Congress/Heritage/Family Research Council conference in Annapolis on how to be an effective freshman activist. Only a handful of Republicans ventured to Harvard to sit with the bulk of the Democratic freshmen and be told that freshmen should bide their time, defer to the leadership, and learn the ropes. Republicans and Democrats alike have taken their initial lessons to heart. ❐

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Two Steps Forward

by Benjamin J. Stein

Friday

I see America dancing, and it's a Texas two-step. Let me tell you some more about The Borderline.

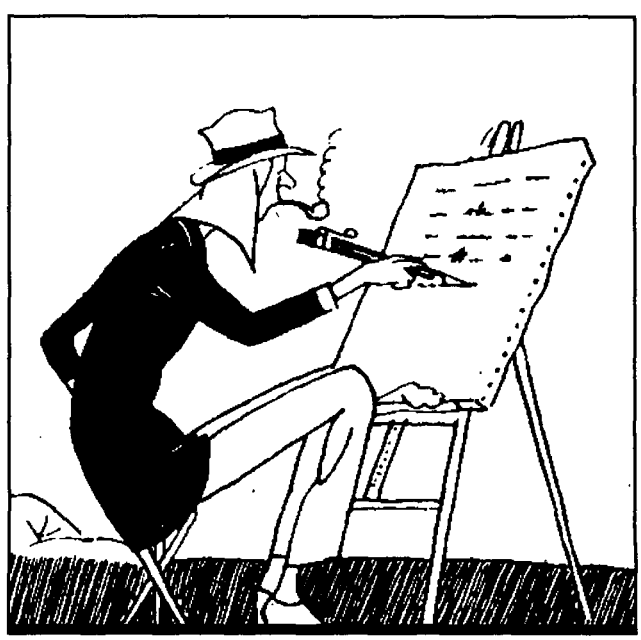
Near my house in Trancas, at the North End of Malibu, there was for years a tumbledown restaurant and bar at the edge of a grocery store parking lot. By night, there would be a few ranch hands guzzling beer, and an occasional, mostly terrible, rock band on the stage. About a year ago, the place was vandalized and closed. It stood empty for months. Then workmen came with their hammers and saws, and on New Year's Eve the Borderline—a combined restaurant, bar, and dance floor for country music—was opened.

It is as if Lazarus had been raised from the dead. The Borderline is packed almost every night, not with drunk ranch hands, but with men and women of all ages from their twenties to their seventies with dancing on their minds. They come from Van Nuys and Encino, from Manhattan Beach and Torrance, from Ventura and Oxnard, from Beverly Hills, and most of all from Malibu and Santa Monica, and can they dance!

We're not talking the Virginia Reel here, but complex "line dances" in which men and women line up and kick in all different—highly coordinated—ways, turn and re-turn, generally like a Broadway chorus line but vastly more complicated. That's about a third of the time. But most of the time, there are the hand-holding, look-your-partner-in-the-eye and look-seriously-romantic dances, particularly the two-step and the "cowboy cha-cha." For every "neon moon," "electric slide," and "tush push," there are five hand-holders.

I loved The Borderline from the moment I walked in the door. For one thing, it usually has a number of pretty girls, and I love to watch pretty girls dancing. For another, the people who are dancing look like they're fond of one another. Unlike revolting rap dancing, or "hip hop" or whatever moron word describes it, country dancing has men and women holding each other, staring into each other's eyes, dancing in rhythm with one another, looking happy, talking to each other, and generally acting as if they meant each other well.

About two weeks ago I took a dance lesson—an almost unbelievably expensive private session—so I wouldn't be embarrassed and look like a big nerdy teacher on the floor with my pal Jane, and now I know the two-step pretty well, and the neon moon haltingly.



It's Friday night tonight, and Jane and I are eating dinner here, and between courses and afterwards, we've been dancing the two-step, with many twirls, "sweetheart positions," and an occasional dip, in the midst of the happy other dancers. There are a few stars here from Malibu's firmament, notably my former neighbor Martin Sheen, and a major league record producer named Susan Hamilton. But mostly it's just ordinary folks, who turn up in Nissans and Jeeps and Oldsmobiles and really know their stuff.

This is America dancing. My dance partner and pal, Jane, keeps getting passed by a Vietnamese man in a cowboy outfit complete with red bandanna coming out of his back pocket. He's dancing with a Korean woman who owns one of the best two-steps I've ever seen. There are two black couples out on the floor, looking relaxed and at home in the midst of the country-comforts crowd.

There's a woman dancing near me whom I know from another life. She works with retarded and autistic children at a state home near Camarillo, and she just lost her own three-year-old son, and her life has not been easy. But she's dancing and looking brave and even happy, in between waiting tables so that she can subsidize the state of California for her work on behalf of its least fortunate citizens.

Then there's Jane, dancing with me, concentrating mightily, looking as if she really means to

Benjamin J. Stein, author most recently of A License to Steal: The Untold Story of Michael Milken and the Conspiracy to Bilk the Nation *(Simon & Schuster), is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.*

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learn how to country dance with the best of them. She moves me not only because she's from Queens, and is trying so hard to do the Texas two-step right. More to the point, it's because she looks so happy when she gets a step right, so happy on this wooden dance floor next to the beach at Zuma listening to Hank Williams, Jr. and Aaron Tippin.

Jane's mother was in Auschwitz for five years and survived. She worked in a beauty parlor in Queens most of her adult life, with her number on her forearm. What I keep thinking is how miserable and crazy it would make those Nazis if they could see how not only Jane's mother survived, but how happy Jane is dancing the two-step in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

That's country dancing, where people of every kind belong, America on its toes, open and friendly and forgiving of even the clumsiest beginner, as long as he or she is trying to learn the steps.

Thank you, God, for country dancing in America.

Back at my house above Trancas Bluffs, I listened to Merle Haggard singing about being proud to be an Okie from Muskogee:

> *We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee,*
> *And we don't take our trips on LSD.*
> *We don't burn our draft cards at the Court House,*
> *'Cause we like living right and being free.*

As I listened, thinking about the dance floor at The Borderline and watching the lights of the ships out to sea, I felt as if I were tripping, literally tripping on being an American. It's just so wonderful to be in this country, so different from the sordid rest of the history of mankind that it's like we've all taken a pill that makes life move to a different, better dimension.

Saturday

Tommy, sent to foment revolution like Lenin to the Finland Station, is playing with his new turtles and lizards. The kid is a maniac for cold-blooded animals. He's got four birds, two onyx lizards (Spike and Spikey), two turtles (Tiny Tim and Tiny Tim II), and more fish, shrimp, and crayfish than I can count. My guess is that he's trying to figure out a way to send them out into the house to torture me.

Tomorrow, he's going on a cruise to Puerto Vallarta and Mazatlan with Mommy. Several Mommies from the shul, Temple P.C., and their kiddies, will be going with them. That's how it is out here during the recession. But today, I have him. He's getting better looking minute by minute. I really pity the girls who get in his sights when he grows a little older. Of course, by then, the Donna Shalala Anti-Sex League may not allow consensual straight hetero relationships. We'd better be ready to move to Singapore.

Speaking of which, I've been watching TV all morning and all afternoon, watching Zoë Baird, listening for rumors about tax increases on everyone, watching the trial balloons go up and down, hearing about the military, gays, and justice, and I keep thinking a simple thought: *What else did you, my fellow Americans, think Bill was going to do?*

Figure it out: He's a self-described baby boomer. That's his greatest accomplishment in life: he's younger than people who are older than he is. That's it. That's how he won. Not because of experience or achievements, but because he's a baby boomer, and by, total chance, younger than Bush. Okay, fair is fair, and Bush would have used that trick if he could have. But—and this is a huge, NOW-sized but—what are the common characteristics of baby boomers, comrade?

What distinguishes baby boomers from other generations is their ability to turn self-obsession into a virtue, to take their lives of unique privilege handed on to them through the blood and sacrifice of their elders and call it suffering and peonage (as in "The Student as Nigger"), to promise much and deliver little, to allow their smugness and con jobs to pass for actual hard work.

Take it from me. I went to school with a lot of them. For most of my life I was one of them. If I could get away with it, the way William Jefferson Snopes Gantry Clinton does, I still would be one. (Alas, the strict hand of the mortgage holders of my many dwellings will not accept promises. They require specie.) Baby boomers are too lazy to even learn the steps to the neon moon. Instead, like Billary at the Inaugural, they do some made-up, free-form (oh, wow) dance to "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow," which, Bill and Hillary, *you were never supposed to dance to.*

What kind of woman did you think Billary would name to be A.G.? Of course it would be someone rich, because the Clintons *only* hang out with people who are rich. Of course it would be someone who would fudge on taxes and immigration laws, because baby boomers don't believe laws apply to them.

This one is really important, and Billary, Duncan Kennedy, and I all learned it at the same fount: if you're slick enough and make enough, the laws don't apply to you.

Get hip: the laws that apply to the ordinary working stiff or pig Babbitt businessman do not apply to the Yale Law student. Not in 1970 or 1972, not now, not ever. Not the draft laws, not the tax laws, not the laws of gravity or sexual relationships, not laws about bribes, not laws about drugs, nothing. Get used to it. The whole point about Critical Legal Studies is not that the law protects the Du Ponts. No, the point is that the law is available to protect and/or be avoided by anyone who is cool enough, loaded enough with money or glibness, to rise above it.

I'm telling you, I know these people. They're all just like Billary. They talk as if they were really reasonable, really well informed, the models of what a Jeffersonian citizen of the commonwealth should be. Just for myself, I have never heard Bill Clinton say one completely off-the-wall remark about public policy.

But talking ain't doing. When it comes to doing, there are taxes on Social Security, Reichian bureaucracies to "guide" investment, anti-sex league laws to protect human beings from emotion, feminist laws to protect women from being women.

What I wonder is, can't viewers see it all on Billary's face? Can't they see just how worried and controlled and on stage Billary is all of the time? That little controlled grimace which always plays at the corners of Bill's mouth no matter what he's saying. That shaking of the head when he talks, as if he were trying

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to convince himself—an obviously cagey self—that he was telling the truth. That hair. That small-town con-man's hair. That fake smile, even when discussing federal highway projects. Hillary is obviously an intelligent woman. But check out the face on Inauguration morning. Check out the whole electric purple, sunglasses, "Hi! I've just gotten out of the treatment center and I'm on my way to the big city to have a ball" outfit. The sullen look. Check it out, pals. She was furious on Inauguration Day that it was Bill, not she, who was getting sworn in. Here she had the ideas, the control, the focus, the guts, and Bill was getting the gig. Talk about a deck stacked in favor of dead European males!

Never mind. I wish them well. I hope I'm wrong. Maybe they really have some solutions, just the way Jimmy Carter did. (By the way, how can we possibly have had two presidents who are grown men who ask us to call them by little boys' names? How can we possibly have had two presidents who dress like little boys, with sweaters and baseball caps? Doesn't anyone get it? If they dress like little kids . . .) Anyway, good luck to you both. Really. Seriously. Take my wife. Please.

Sunday

Up at the crack of dawn to drive Mommy and Tommy to San Pedro to board a huge cruise ship, the *Jubilee*, which will take them to Mazatlan and Puerto Vallarta. It's a trip organized by Temple No Gender to allow the Mommies to escape the humdrum of life while the Daddies stay and work and earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Tommy was particularly restless, but also particularly cute. I'm trying to wean him off of expecting a present from me every morning.

Today, when I picked him up and hugged him, he said, "Daddy, do you have a surprise for me?"

"Yes," I told him. "The surprise is that I'm not working at the Federal Trade Commission."

"No," he said, "I mean a real surprise."

"You're going on a cruise, which Daddy has never been privileged to go on," I said. "How's that?"

"What else?"

"In a couple of weeks, you're going to Washington, D.C., with Daddy, to see your braino Grandma and Grandpa."

"What else?"

"You're going to be anointed King of the Universe."

Tommy looked somewhat overwhelmed. "Is that really, Daddy?" he asked.

"No, I'm joking you," I said.

He actually laughed.

The S.S. *Jubilee* was surprisingly spacious and pleasant. Mr. Perfect and Mommy's stateroom was like a room in a Holiday Inn, but it had a huge window, deeply in need of a washing, and two beds and plenty of room. It was swell. The other passengers looked happy and eager to go. We strolled around, and then I left the ship and headed for my car.

I really hate it when Alex is gone. She's been with me, off and on, since 1966. Through a lot of torture inflicted on her by a person of gender (me), a great many years of having me tell her we were about to go broke, many years of hearing me talk about Milken until she was sick to her stomach. She's a saint. There are no two ways about it: a saint.

My pal Steve tells me that I am the only man he knows who has an idealized woman in his life still. Actually, I have had many idealized women in my life:

Mom, who taught me how to skip, back in 1950. My sister, who taught me that you can pick your friends and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friend's nose, and that would have been in about 1950 also. Mary J., who taught me that I was worth loving, and that was in 1965. Pat K., who taught me that dogs were the best creatures on earth, and that was in about 1972. And Alex, shimmering Alex, who never gave up, who, in 1968, slapped me because I had voted for RN, and by 1992 was the only human I know brave enough to tell the women of Temple Inclusive that Maya Angelou was a fraud and a no-talent fool. That's a wife, even an erstwhile wife.

Anyway, I hate it when she's gone.

Monday

Dinner at Morton's, the warm center of the universe. As far as I can tell from my prime barometer of economic research, the crowd at Morton's, the recession is over. Stone over. There's a wait to get a table, a mob

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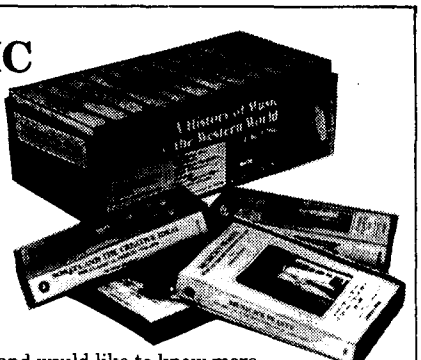

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two deep at the bar, and the place is humming.

At one table there's billionaire Marvin Davis, who seemingly never goes out without his family, which is nice. A few tables away, there's billionaire Ronald Perelman, owner of Revlon and many other companies. There's Peter Morton himself. There's Barry Diller, ace communications executive. There's Albert Brooks, the great comedian. There's more exploiters and moguls than you can shake a stick at. Jeff Berg, head of ICM. Bill Block, high official of ICM. I'm with an almost unbelievably beautiful girl whom I met at The Borderline. She's tall and young and gorgeous, but she's clearly trouble.

For about an hour, she tells me about various men in her life, always a bad sign. There was the sunglasses heir who fell so in love with her that when she went out with another man, he became a cocaine addict. There was the pots-and-pans king who was so jealous of her that he hired detectives to watch her. There was the restaurateur who loved her so much that he fell off a cliff with grief when she went out with the sunglasses magnate again.

Wahh! I want my Tommy.

Sunday

Here is when it's great to be me, in February of 1993:

- When Tommy's back, and has been riding with me out to the beach and turns to me and says, "I missed you, Daddy, on the boat. Can you come next time?"
- When Tommy says, after dinner at The Borderline, "Daddy, I'm tired. Can you carry me?"
- When I'm holding Tommy and he opens his huge blue eyes and looks up at an absolutely clear night sky above Zuma Beach and says, "Daddy, look, I can see the wishing star. Let's make a wish."
- When Tommy jumps up and down next to the bed, punching me, and saying, "Daddy, I'm boxing bunny, and I have to punch you."
- When Tommy says, "Daddy, I'm scared of the Gremlins. Can I sleep in bed with you?"
- When I get awakened in the morning by boxing bunny punching my foot and saying, "Daddy, did that hurt?"

Oh, happy day that Tommy's mother chose life for him, Mommy, and me. ❐

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Churchill and the Thatcherites

by Stuart Reid

Forget Camillagate. It surprised no one. What could be more natural than for the heir to the throne and future Supreme Governor of the Church of England to be on richly intimate terms with his mistress? We are not living in the Dark Ages, for God's sake. No, the real surprise of the year so far has been John Charmley's revisionist life of Winston Churchill, in which the Great Warrior is judged and found wanting. According to Charmley, Churchill betrayed Britain's interests by selling us out to the Yanks, abandoning the Empire, and making safe the ways of socialism. He was capable, furthermore, of treating men's lives with "undue levity."

The Home Counties did not like this smarty-pants approach to the man who brought them their Finest Hour. Mock-Tudor roadhouses in Surrey rang with denunciations. The Cambridge historian and keeper of the Churchill Archives, Correlli Barnett, spoke indignantly of Charmley's "glib speculation." Less responsible elements reacted with ill-concealed glee. High tables groaned with delight; so did the news desks of the posher newspapers.

Charmley is not a conspiracy nut. He is a Thatcherite. Indeed, he is in some respects a model Thatcherite. He comes from a humble home, went to a state school, abandoned Methodism for Anglicanism, and now speaks with a plummy accent. He is, in other words, a member of England's aspiring class. At the moment, by happy irony, he is teaching history at Fulton, Missouri. His students there know him as a big, bearded Harris-Tweedy chap. Though only nine when Churchill died in 1965, he knows his subject intimately. He is a diligent researcher, perhaps the only man alive who has read every one of Martin Gilbert's five million leaden words on Churchill. He likes to tease, but he is not a tease. He is a serious historian. Here is how, in *Churchill: The End of Glory*,[1] he sums up his case:

> At the end of the war [Churchill] was, once again, faced with what looked like an attempt by one power to dominate the Continent, an odd result for so much expenditure of treasure and manpower. . . . [He] had nothing to offer the British people in 1945, and no one has been prepared seriously to argue that he did. . . .
>
> Churchill stood for the British Empire, for British independence, and for an "anti-socialist" vision. By July 1945 the first of these was on the skids, the second dependent upon America and the third had vanished in a Labour election victory.

In Charmley's view, Churchill was not in the end a great war leader, because Britain conspicuously failed to win the war. The Soviet Union and the United States won the war; Britain merely avoided defeat. The policy of "unconditional surrender" was a mistake, says Charmley. Great Britain's interests would have been better served if Churchill had sought some sort of accommodation with the Germans—though not necessarily with Hitler. That would have freed Britain from the costly American alliance and might have saved the empire.

This thesis is not, of course, without interest, but, for all the hype and horror that attended the publication of *The End of Glory*, it is not new. All the same, the smart papers treated the book as though it were not only new but daring and exciting and mold-breaking. Some mold, as Churchill might have said, some break. The fact is that revisionists have been doing brisk business these past thirty years and more. Even during the war there were skeptics and Churchill-bashers in Blighty. One thinks of Evelyn Waugh, George Bernard Shaw, H.G. Wells, and Malcolm Muggeridge. Especially of Muggeridge, who was convinced in 1939 that the war would have ruinous consequences. He had long believed that Bolshevism and National Socialism were twin evils. At the end of the war, in the ruins of Berlin, he asked himself whether what he saw represented the triumph of good over evil. He was pretty sure it did not. Nor was he ever keen on Churchill's "fraudulent rhetoric." When in 1950 he visited the old man on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph*, he was not impressed by the boiler-suited bonhomie. "[He was] flabby and puffy, and, in some indefinable way, obscene," he recalled in the first volume of his memoirs (1972); there was "something malign and disagreeable" about him. Perhaps, though, there is something a tad fraudulent about Muggeridge himself. The same meeting is recorded in respectful tones in his diaries. There we find Churchill "oddly lovable." The Sage of Robertsbridge was something of a ham.

Another ham (and mischief-maker), the socialist historian A.J.P. Taylor, famously maintained in *The Origins of the Second World War* (1961) that the war came about as the result of a series of misunderstandings, what we would today call a "failure of communication." Hitler, he said, was not contemplating general war in 1939, and probably not intending war at all. Over the years,

Stuart Reid is assistant features editor of the London Sunday Telegraph.

[1] John Curtis/Hodder & Stoughton, 649 pages, £30.

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Taylor's idea has been refined and recast. In 1989 Maurice Cowling, fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and sometime guru to young fogeys, argued, albeit in the equivocal voice, that Britain ought not have gone to war fifty years before:

> Though the balance is a fine one, Russian (and American) domination of Europe after a long war, the destruction of Germany, and the emasculation of the British Empire were probably worse for Britain than German domination of Europe might have been if it had been effected without the emasculation of Empire.

Then there are the loonies, the men and women with annotated copies of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* in their rucksacks. Sooner or later on the revisionists' road you are bound to make their acquaintance. Charmley is not one of their number. There is something to be said for his interpretation of the war. Who would deny, for example, that Yalta was Churchill's Munich? Yet there are times when Charmley's work, like the work of all revisionists, leaves one asking: So what? What was was; what is is. Revisionist history is a useful antidote to the sanitized and politically correct "propaganda of the victors." But there is paranoia in revisionist theory, at least as it applies in this country to World War II; an inability to come to terms with Britain's decline as an imperial power. The revisionists want to blame someone, and their tendency is to blame Churchill and his pal Roosevelt.

In fact, the empire was doomed long before the Atlantic Charter was signed and the special relationship with America sealed. The Dominion countries of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had been self-governing since the turn of the century (Canada since 1867) and were therefore hardly part of an empire in any traditional sense. They were not beholden to a metropolitan power. By the 1920s, furthermore, the Colonial Office was committed to "nativization," and by the 1930s Indian demands for independence were becoming irresistible. It was only a matter of time. The same is true of Attlee's socialist revolution. It was only a matter of time before Labour was returned to power.

However, if Britain had made a separate peace with Germany—the big if in the revisionists' game of "what if?"—the empire might have survived, and Attlee might have been denied power. In the controversy that followed the publication of Charmley's book, some unsentimental conservatives pointed out that in a Nazi-dominated Continent there would never have been a liberal consensus, which would have been bad news for anti-colonial elements in general and the Labour party in particular. But it would have been bad news too for the Tory party, not to mention the Board of Deputies of British Jews, and it would have left Britain a satrapy of Germany, a fate that even unsentimental conservatives might have found less congenial than the special relationship. Not every cloud has a silver lining.

Most critics have praised *The End of Glory* for its insights, with Thatcherite critics in the forefront. Not all Thatcherites go along with Charmley, however. One who does not is Lady Thatcher. She has a mystical reverence for "Winston," as she calls him. But she has none at all for empire. In her recently published *The Anatomy of Thatcherism*,[2] Shirley Robin Letwin notes:

> [Thatcherism] is a vision of Britain as a country of dynamism, wealth and power, but unencumbered by either the trappings of a great empire, or the Victorian angst associated with a world half of which is colored red. For fifty years before Thatcherism, the Conservative party struggled with Britain's imperial heritage, never quite shaking off a belief in or at least a nostalgia for empire. Thatcherism, in its post-imperial modernity, has suffered no such hang-ups.

Yet many Thatcherites, often the best known and most articulate, are weighed down with imperial hangups. These are the conservative Thatcherites, the men who never had much time for Mrs. Thatcher's social and economic liberalism—"don't ask me about monetarism and all that," says Charmley—but were attracted to her because of the Falklands war, with its echoes of empire, and the anti–working class thrust of her labor policies. Alas, the glory days are gone. There are no more Argies to waste or heads to crack. All that is left of Thatcherism, in the parliamentary Tory party at least, is privatization, meritocracy, John Major, and recession. Charmley's book is pure Thatcher in its anglocentricity, in its implied antipathy to foreign (i.e., European) entanglements, but it is heretical in its hostility to Churchill and its nostalgia for empire.

The true significance of *The End of Glory*, then, lies not in what it tells us about 1945 but in what it tells us about 1993. What it tells us is that Thatcherism is cracking up. The division over Churchill is only the latest sign. In the past year, Lady Thatcher and her conservative supporters have parted company over Bosnia (she is for military intervention, they are not) and Hong Kong (she is full of praise for Governor Chris Patten's attempts to extend democracy, they for the most part are not). At the same time, conservative Thatcherites are beginning to see Lady Thatcher's hand in the present difficulties of the monarchy. The baroness is not a republican, but her popular capitalism, her enthusiasm for the currency dealer with a satellite dish on his roof and a chip on his shoulder, did not strengthen the position of monarchy. And it is no coincidence, as they say, that the attacks on the crown have been fiercest in the newspapers she liked best (and which liked her best)—the Murdoch papers.

All that now unites Lady Thatcher and the conservative Thatcherites is Europe, or rather, opposition to Europe. In January the conservatives joined a motley band of crop-haired fascists and wacko socialists in a march on Downing Street in protest against Maastricht. It was a sad spectacle. A message from Mrs. Thatcher was read out in Trafalgar Square. Tony Benn (republican, leveler, formerly Lord Stansgate) gave a swivel-eyed speech. There were golf umbrellas and old country coats and plus-fours—and Doc Martens boots. It is impossible not to be reminded of the 1930s. Then too conservatives, socialists, and fascists were united in their opposition to European entanglements. They were also united in their opposition to Churchill. History does not repeat itself, but there is a fearful, and farcical, symmetry to it. ❐

[2]Now available in the U.S. from Transaction Publishers (377 pages, $32.95).

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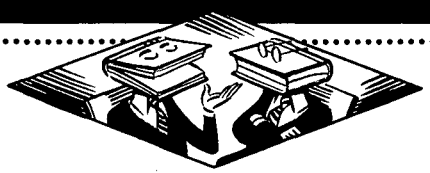

Multicultural Instruction

by Thomas Sowell

Most of the arguments for so-called "multicultural" education are so flimsy, inconsistent, and downright silly that it is hard to imagine that they would have been taken seriously if they were not backed up by shrill rhetoric, character assassination, and the implied or open threat of organized disruption and violence on campus.

Let us examine the multiculturalists' questions, one by one:

• ***Why do we study Western civilization, to the neglect of other civilizations?***

Why is that question asked in English, rather than in some non-Western language? Because English is what we speak. Why do we concern ourselves with the Earth, which is an infinitesimal part of the known universe? Because that is where we live. If we want to understand the cultural and institutional world in which we carry on our daily lives, we need to understand the underlying rationale and the historical evolution of the way of life we have been born into.

None of this has anything to do with whether English is a better language than some other languages. English is in fact more inconsistent and less melodic than French, for example. But we speak English for the same practical reasons that cause people in China to speak Chinese. Attempts to turn this into an invidious comparisons issue miss the fundamental point that (1) languages exist to serve practical purposes and (2) they serve those purposes better, the more people in the same society speak the same language.

Why don't we study other civilizations equally? The most obvious answer is the 24-hour day and the limited number of days we spend in college. It is stretching things very thin to try to cover Western civilization in two semesters. Throw in a couple of other civilizations and you are just kidding yourself that you are educating anybody, when all that you are really doing is teaching them to accept superficiality. Those whose real agenda is propaganda are of course untroubled by such considerations.

Any suggestion that any aspect of Western civilization has been admirable, or better in any way than the corresponding aspect of any other civilization, will of course be loudly denounced as showing bias instead of being "non-judgmental." However, the one thing that no civilization has ever been is non-judgmental. Much of the advancement of the human race has occurred because people made the judgment that some things were not simply different from others, but better. Often this judgment was followed by abandoning one cultural feature and using the other instead.

We use Arabic numerals today, instead of Roman numerals, even though our civilization derived from Rome, and the Arabs themselves got these numerals from India. Arabic numerals (or Indian numerals) have displaced other numbering systems around the world because they are better—not just different. Paper, printing, and books are today essential aspects of Western civilization, but all three came out of China—and they have displaced parchment, scrolls, and other forms of preserving writings all around the world. Books are not just different, they are better—not just in my opinion, or in the opinion of Western civilization, but in the practice of people around the world who have had an opportunity to make the comparison. Firearms have likewise displaced bows and arrows wherever the two have come into competition.

Many of those who talk "non-judgmental" rhetoric out

Thomas Sowell's most recent book is Inside American Education: The Decline, the Deception, the Dogmas *(The Free Press).*

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of one side of their mouths are quick to condemn the evils of "our society" out of the other side. Worse, they condemn American society or Western civilization for sins that are the curse of the human race all across the planet. Indeed, they condemn the West for sins that are worse in many non-Western societies.

Perhaps the classic case is slavery. The widespread revulsion which this hideous institution inspires today was largely confined to Western civilization a century ago, and a century before that was largely confined to a portion of British society. No one seems interested in the epic story of how this curse that covered the globe and endured for thousands of years was finally gotten rid of. It was gotten rid of by the West—not only in Western societies but in other societies conquered, controlled, or pressured by the West.

The resistance put up by Africans, Asians, and Arabs was monumental in defense of slavery, and lasted for more than a century. Only the overwhelming military power of the West enabled it to prevail on this issue, and only the moral outrage of Western peoples kept their governments' feet to the fire politically to maintain the pressure against slavery around the world. Of course, this is not the kind of story that appeals to the multiculturalists. If it had been the other way around—if Asian or African imperialists had stamped out slavery in Europe—it would still be celebrated, in story and song, on campuses across America.

• Why are the traditional classics of Western civilization written by dead white males?

Take it a step at a time. They are written by dead people for two reasons: First, there are more dead people than living people. Second, a classic is not something that is hot at the moment but something that survives the test of time. There may be things written today that will survive to become classics, but we won't be here when that happens. The things we know are classics were almost by definition written by dead people.

Why were they white? Do we ask why the great classics of China were written by people who were Chinese? If we found that the great classics of China were written by Swedes, wouldn't we wonder what the hell was going on?

Should there be any mystery as to why they were written by males? Is anyone so utterly ignorant of history that they do not know that females had more than enough other work to keep them busy for most of the history of the human race? Maybe men should have shared some of that work. But history is what happened, not what we wish had happened. If most of the people who were educated were male—as they have been throughout history, and even are today in some societies—then most of the people who leave the kind of written material left by educated people will be men. You don't get great mathematical discoveries from people who were never taught algebra.

Much the same reasoning applies to other groups considered to be (1) oppressed and (2) "under-represented" among those whose historic achievements and contributions are recognized.

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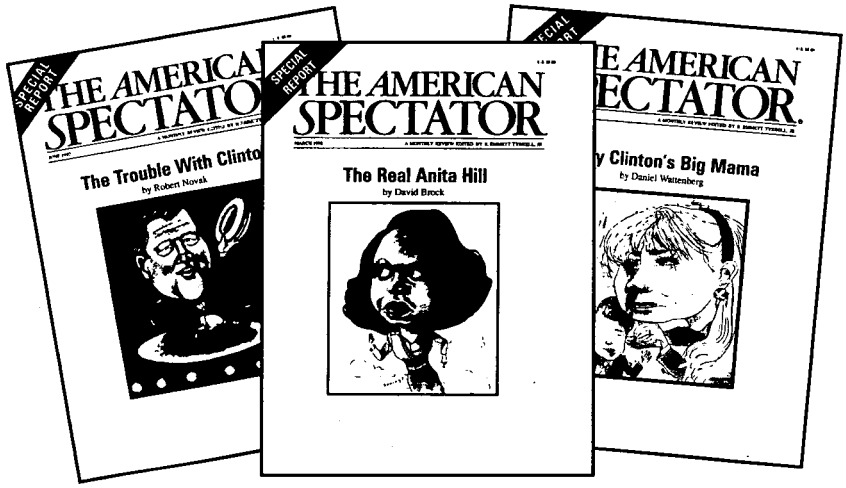

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But how can a people's achievements be unaffected by their oppression? One of the many reasons to be against oppression is that it keeps people from achieving all that they could have achieved if they had been treated more decently. To proclaim oppression and still expect to find the oppressed equally represented among those with historic achievements and contributions is almost a contradiction in terms.

The past is many things, but one thing it is, is irrevocable. A past to your liking is not an entitlement.

•Don't we need multiculturalism to get people to understand each other and get along with each other?

Since this is an empirical question, you would expect people to seek an empirical answer, yet most of those who talk this way seem content to treat the matter as axiomatic. But is there any evidence that colleges that have gone whole hog into multiculturalism have better relations among the various groups on campus? Or is it precisely on such campuses that separatism and hostility are worse than on campuses that have not gone in for the multicultural craze?

You want to see multiculturalism in action? Look at Yugoslavia, at Lebanon, at Sri Lanka, at Northern Ireland, at Azerbaijan, or wherever else group "identity" has been hyped. There is no point in the multiculturalists' saying that this is not what they have in mind. You might as well open the floodgates and then say that you don't mean for people to drown. Once you have opened the floodgates, you can't tell the water where to go.

•How are we to be part of the global economy, or engage in all sorts of other international activities, without being multicultural?

Ask the Japanese. They are one of the most insular and self-complacent peoples on Earth today. Yet they dominate international markets, international finance, international scientific and technological advances, and send armies of tourists around the world. This is not a defense of insularity or of the Japanese. It is simply a plain statement of fact that contradicts one of the many lofty and arbitrary dogmas of multiculturalism. ❐

PRESSWATCH

Licked by Leaks

by Terry Eastland

Is the Clinton era fun, or what? I start with leaks, three big ones in particular. The first occurred six days before Bill Clinton took the oath. This was the leak to the *New York Times* of Zoë Baird's hiring of two illegal aliens and her failure to pay their Social Security taxes as required by law until just before her nomination. Reported by David Johnston, the story about the Connecticut lawyer came to him via anonymous sources he described as "government and Clinton transition officials."

The government officials had to have been from the FBI. On January 14, the agents were still working on the routine background investigation and thus had yet to send their report to Sen. Joseph Biden, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, through which any attorney general nominee must initially pass. Baird had told Biden of her nanny illegalities, but Biden could not have known the level of detail reflected in Johnston's story: it had to have come from someone who had seen the relevant documents—which only the FBI had. Besides, if Biden or his staff or someone else on the Hill had been among Johnston's sources, the reporter would have mentioned "congressional" sources. Coincidentally, while writing a piece on Baird for the *Wall Street Journal*, I had heard that the bureau had come across disturbing information. No one knew what it was, and the bureau wasn't talking—except to Johnston.

Terry Eastland is a resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

The FBI, which reports to the attorney general, would have had two reasons to leak. First, bureau officials didn't want as their ultimate supervisor someone who had cut corners with the law. The rank-and-file had had its fill of that: the week of the leak also saw FBI Director William Sessions publicly reprimanded for ethics violations by outgoing Attorney General William Barr. Second, the bureau didn't want later to be accused of not investigating the nominee fully. It had been embarrassed on this score in 1987, when it had been the press that caught wind of Supreme Court nominee Douglas Ginsburg's long-ago pot smoking. Getting a story like Baird's into print makes it a kind of public property, and therefore everyone's—not just the bureau's—responsibility.

There remains the question of why "Clinton transition officials" were also among Johnston's sources. Leaks can

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be from people friendly as well as hostile to the leak subject, and the *Times* story itself, as well as my own reporting, persuades me that the Clinton transition officials who talked to Johnston were trying to help Zoë Baird in an ultimately ill-fated effort at damage control. These officials were probably acting on Biden's suggestion that Baird's nanny problem be made public prior to the confirmation hearings. Little did they know that the FBI had its own agenda.

The second major leak occurred on Sunday, January 24, just four days after Clinton became president. An hour before Defense Secretary Les Aspin was to be interviewed on CBS's "Face the Nation," the network was handed a copy of a draft memo, dated January 18 and apparently intended to prepare Clinton for his meeting the next day with the Joint Chiefs in which he would discuss his goal of lifting the ban on open homosexuality in the military. As described by the *Washington Post* on January 25, Aspin in the memo quoted Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell to the effect that the White House could count on only thirty Senate votes for lifting the ban; Aspin's concern was preventing "Congress from overturning a new policy" put in place early on by an executive order. Aspin told Clinton that he should view his meeting with the Joint Chiefs not as a negotiation but "the first step in the consultation that you have promised." He advised Clinton not to issue the executive order immediately but instead to "take the necessary administrative steps" to stop homosexuals from being discharged and to prohibit recruits from being asked about their sexual orientation. Following a review of the issue that Aspin would conduct, and following politically necessary meetings with members of Congress, especially Sen. Sam Nunn, Clinton could eventually issue an executive order.

Predictably, the administration's strategy for changing the policy on gays dominated the questioning of Aspin on "Face the Nation." Iraq and Bosnia took a back seat. This, no doubt, is what the leaker hoped to achieve on the eve of the president's meeting with the Joint Chiefs. Was the leaker a friend or a foe of Aspin's? I'd have to say a foe—but which kind?

A gay rights advocate who disagreed with Aspin's incrementalist approach could have done the deed, hoping to embarrass Clinton into acting as he had originally intended by issuing an executive order early in his presidency. Such a leaker could have been inside or outside the administration, and if in the administration probably working in the White House or Pentagon. The more likely foe, however, was someone (undoubtedly at the Pentagon) who is absolutely opposed to any change in the gay ban, someone who figured that the more publicity the issue received, the more political difficulty Clinton would encounter. Political difficulty, of course, was exactly what befell Clinton over the next few days. Gays in the military dominated page-ones and news broadcasts and talk shows. And by Friday the president had indeed pulled back, in a compromise with Senator Nunn that postponed any executive order for at least six months.

If my reading is correct—if the Aspin memo *was* leaked by Pentagon opponents of Clinton's effort to lift the ban on gays—it is only one more indication that the new president is regarded by the military as weak and manipulable. Suffice it to say that it is not a happy thing for a president to have institutions like the FBI and the Pentagon trafficking in leaks so early in his tenure.

Now to the third leak—the odd "trial balloon" of Kimba Wood's pending nomination as attorney general, floated by White House aides on February 4. As the *New York Times* described the effort in its February 5 story, "The White House seemed to be putting out Judge Wood's name to test public reaction and insure that no damaging disclosures surfaced before officially nominating her."

As it happened, such speculation was premature. Wood's candidacy was finished late Thursday evening, *not* because of adverse public reaction (it was too early for that) or the surfacing of any damaging disclosures (there were none), but because of Clinton's own decision that she was not to be his nominee after all.

Evidently, the White House did not learn of the Wood nanny's erstwhile illegal status until February 4—the same day it sent up its trial balloon. White House advisers decided almost immediately that nominating Wood would create, as the *Wall Street Journal* put it, "a serious perception problem." According to news reports, when Clinton was informed that the nomination could be the subject of discussion on "The Rush Limbaugh Show," he decided right then and there to ditch Kimba Wood. Clinton denied that fear of the Mighty Rush affected his decision, and Limbaugh himself disputed that he and his listeners were so benighted they could not distinguish between Baird and Wood.

The White House then put out the story that what made Clinton change his mind was that Wood had not disclosed the key details earlier. As one account put it, Wood had been narrowly "legalistic" in what she had told the White House. As Maureen Dowd suggested in the *New York Times*, it was rather ironic that Wood was shown the door for practicing what Clinton specializes in.

In any event, observe here that White House officials, having put up a trial balloon, were now busy shooting it down. Not only was Wood not sufficiently forthcoming, according to the anonymous sources, she had also (it was leaked) "trained" to work at a Playboy Club while a student in London twenty-eight years ago; this was not only an incredible cheap shot but an irrelevance that would have been seen as such by the Judiciary Committee and the public. But it does show that Clinton's people like to do damage when practicing damage control, even if to a woman whose sex they otherwise have nothing but the highest respect for.

"What happened to the liberal media that supposedly gave Bill Clinton every break during the campaign?" This is how the *Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz framed a January 31 story on Clinton and a press that was now turning him into a punching bag. During the campaign, the press gave Clinton numerous breaks; among the newsmagazine set, there were conspicuous Clinton cheerleaders (led by *Newsweek*'s Joe Klein), while poor Bush had none to speak of. But the real

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problem was less that the press was pro-Clinton than that it was so relentlessly anti-Bush. (Especially on the economy—where is the big series exposing the lousy campaign coverage of economic issues?) What's happened since Clinton's election is that the press no longer has George Bush to kick around. With Clinton the only show in town, the press has been free to resume at least some of its adversarial practices.

There are more immediate explanations for the spate of negative stories Clinton received in January and February. One is that he made more than the usual number of specific campaign promises, and by January 20 he had broken many of them. In his broken promises (not to mention in his selection of an attorney general and in his effort to lift the ban on gays in the military), Clinton was a walking negative story. Mark it down: The press loves to report what is maybe the easiest story in the world to write—the flip-flop, the reversal, the contradiction. Thus, for example, on February 4, NBC's Andrea Mitchell paired some campaign footage in which Clinton declared that "everyone ought to be able to go to college" and that "money should not be an object" with tape that day of George Stephanopoulos in effect saying that money might be an object after all.

Also coloring some of the early negative coverage were the White House decision to bar reporters from the inner sanctum of the press office and the administration's slowness to return phone calls. Virtually unlimited access and quick response are two things prized especially by daily reporters. Compounding the negative spin was the sense that the new folks in the White House are incompetent. As NBC's Lisa Myers put it on the third day of the new presidency: "From up close, the Clinton White House has looked like the Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time Players."

"Read the Fine Print to Know if a Promise Really Counts," was the headline atop Michael Kelly's excellent *New York Times* story of January 26. It reported how Clinton didn't say during the campaign that he would not raise taxes on the middle class—he said he would not raise taxes on the middle class "to pay for my programs." During the campaign no one paid much attention to those five qualifying words, which Kelly called a "legalistic construct" or "loophole" through which Clinton was trying to wriggle in order to claim he was not breaking a promise. With this president, Kelly advised, "it is always wise to read the fine print."

If Clinton stays true to character, and if other reporters are as alert to the fine print as Kelly, there will be more such stories. These will upset Clinton, who will therefore continue to try to bypass the traditional press and get his message out "unfiltered" through such gimmicky devices as the Detroit town hall meeting he held February 10. It is instructive that Clinton did not hold a formal White House news conference (Bush held 140 in four years) before his first town hall; it is equally instructive that the traditional press was tough on Clinton's Detroit performance. Indeed, the *Wall Street Journal*'s news account sounded like an editorial:

> Mr. Clinton was disingenuous in the way he described some of his recent troubles. He made it appear that it was his preference to delay the decision about allowing gays to serve in the military; in fact he was forced into the delay by opposition from Capitol Hill and the joint chiefs of staff. He also said that he hadn't selected Judge Kimba Wood to be his attorney general before it surfaced that she had hired an illegal alien as a nanny. In fact, Mr. Clinton had chosen Ms. Wood and was checking her background before making an announcement.

Those who participated in the town hall—and who did not ask the kind of follow-up questions the press would have—had a less skeptical view of Clinton. Look for a gap to open up between the press and the town-hall public, and look for Clinton to try to widen the gap by criticizing the press. I'm betting it's part of his communications strategy, which will feature more such efforts as the one in Detroit. Don't bet on Clinton to succeed, if only because today's much more diverse media (including Limbaugh) makes it harder for a president to dominate public opinion. ❐

Lessons of the Bush Defeat

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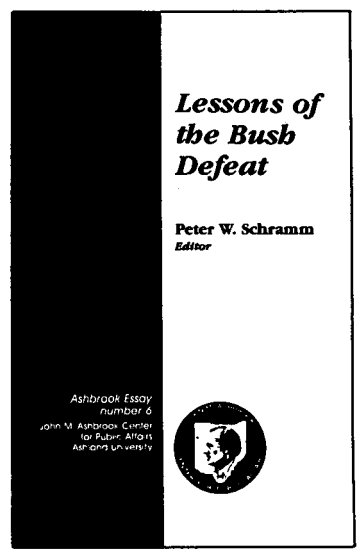

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In the Name of Humanity

by Cathy Young

If the Clinton administration is shaping up to look like soap opera, what genre can adequately describe the politics of post-Communist Russia? Theater of the absurd, perhaps. The end of 1992 was marked by more turmoil, as the Yegor Gaidar government crumbled and career Soviet apparatchik Viktor Chernomyrdin—whose name, for the linguistically minded, is of Ukrainian extraction and means, roughly, "blackface"—took over. Price controls on food staples were reinstated and then almost immediately rolled back. Deputies in the Supreme Soviet scuffled in front of TV cameras at the December Congress. In January, two democratic members of parliament, Lev Ponomarev and Pyotr Filipov, were roughed up by protesters from "Working Moscow" (a hard-core Communist group headed by Viktor Anpilov, in his previous life a Soviet TV correspondent in Nicaragua), who were picketing the White House. A few days later, the evening news reported that a certain deputy had used "language we cannot repeat in our program" in a speech at the Supreme Soviet. A friend from Moscow writes in disgust, "The Supreme Soviet is starting to look like a den of criminals. They fight, they swear—pretty soon they'll start attending the sessions armed with bike chains and knives."

Back in the States, we have the invaluable Stephen F. Cohen of Princeton University, his face fixed in a worried frown, to explain that the United States is wrong to stake its Russian policy on one man—Boris Yeltsin—to the exclusion of other democratic forces. (He was known to have a different opinion when the one man was Mikhail Gorbachev.) Cohen points to Yeltsin's falling popularity and urges Americans to be more respectful of the democratically elected albeit imperfect Russian parliament and its chairman (speaker) Ruslan Khasbulatov, the former Yeltsin sidekick who has emerged as a leading opponent of "free-market extremism." In his December 1 speech to the Congress, published as a booklet under the modest title *In the Name of Humanity*, Khasbulatov—who has a Ph.D. in economics from Moscow State University and used to be the dean of the international economic relations department of the Plekhanov Economics Institute in Moscow—gives his colleagues a little lecture on economic theory and history:

> The so-called neoclassical liberal model . . . is based on the complete rejection of state ownership and, accordingly, the absolutization of private ownership, which presupposes a drastic reduction of the social functions of the state. The starkest example of such a model is the economic policy of the United States of the post-Roosevelt period.

Having thus dispelled in one stroke the notion of the superiority of the Soviet educational system, Khasbulatov goes on to denounce "the attempts to Americanize our economy" and advocate a "socially oriented market economy" of the Scandinavian, Israeli, or Canadian type. So Stephen Cohen's affection for the man is hardly a mystery.

As often happens, however, Khasbulatov's dislike of unbridled capitalism appears far more theoretical than personal: in addition to having moved into Leonid Brezhnev's old quarters, he is said to be extensively involved in real-estate speculation through his cousin, a co-owner of the Style-Bank real-estate firm. The weekly *Stolitsa* also reports that the speaker may have had a hand in a bank fraud operation that cost the Russian Central Bank between 35 and 116 billion rubles. The operation, uncovered in the spring of 1992, consisted of fictitious firms getting cash from the Moscow branch of the Central Bank by using fake money orders from Chechen banks (Khasbulatov is from Chechen-Ingushetia) and dissolving before the deception could be found out. Curiously, while it usually takes weeks to cash a money order in Russia, these were cashed in a few days. The director of the Moscow branch of the Central Bank, Georgi Shor, happens to be the other co-owner of Style-Bank.

Perhaps Cohen's sympathies might be cooled by strong evidence of far more disturbing misconduct. In an interview with *Moscow News*, Galina Starovoitova, a widely admired democratic political leader who served as Yeltsin's adviser on ethnic affairs until she was fired last November, denounces the "masculinism" of Russian politics, and, *inter alia*, has this to say: "I understand how tough it is for female deputies to work in a parliament whose speaker constantly permits himself crude remarks that would have cost him his job in any civilized society."

And what about Cohen's contention that the Russian parliament (elected in 1990 under an effective one-party system) represents the Russian people? Actually, surveys show that while Yeltsin's popularity is not what it used to be, the parliament and its leader are even less popular. In a December 13 poll of 2,257 Muscovites conducted by the All-Russian Center for Public

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Opinion Research, 28 percent wanted Yeltsin to resign, while 60 percent wanted him to stay in office, with the numbers almost reversed on the question of Khasbulatov's resignation: 57 percent for, 25 percent opposed. (This should not be read as an unambiguous statement of support for reform. Aleksandr Rutskoi, Yeltsin's "conservative" veep, came out on top as well: only 21 percent favored his resignation while 55 percent opposed it.) Thirty percent thought that a victory for the Yeltsin side would be the best way to resolve Russia's political crisis; a mere six percent wanted the Khasbulatov people to win; 34 percent favored a compromise between the two sides; and "a pox on both your houses" was the attitude of 22 percent.

The Center conducted a far more extensive nationwide end-of-the year survey, whose results were published in the January 3 issue of *Moscow News*. Some of the data were compared to those of previous years, showing that on some counts, the popular mood may actually have improved slightly since 1990. Thus, 14 percent of respondents in 1992, versus 11 percent in 1990, said that they felt more hopeful than they had a year ago. Slightly fewer people (42 vs. 44 percent) said they felt more "tired and indifferent," and the number of those who reported feeling more "embittered and aggressive" dropped from 48 to 40 percent. Most of these changes are well within the margin of error, but some sort of wobbly trend does seem to emerge. On the other hand, the number of those feeling more "scared" than the previous year went up from 15 to 22 percent; "bewilderment" was up two points (from 18 to 20), and the number of those who felt more "pride in their country" dropped from 3 to 2 percent.

The news for Yeltsin is mixed: while his popularity rating for December was only 37 percent (up 10 percent from October), he still emerged as the most popular public figure (Khasbulatov ran a distant sixth). Gaidar ranked second, Rutskoi third, Kazakhstan president Nursultan Nazarbaev fourth, and Veronica Castro fifth. No relation to Fidel, Veronica is the star of the interminable Mexican soap "The Rich Also Weep," which had millions of Russians glued to their television screens and thousands of intellectuals wringing their hands over the decline of public taste. When survey respondents were asked to name the most important events of the year, 19 percent mentioned the show (while only 11 percent conferred a similar importance on the Communist Party trial). These numbers, concludes sociologist Yuri Levada, are another sign of the "normalization" of society, a shift in focus away from politics and toward private life.

Other poll numbers paint a picture more hopeful than recent reports about the rise of pro-dictatorship sentiment. According to Levada, the numbers of those favoring dictatorship (22 percent) and those unambiguously opposed (53 percent) have remained fairly stable over the past two years. Meanwhile, in a poll last November, 66 percent of Russians said that their country could regain superpower status by pursuing faster economic reform, and only six percent said that an armed forces buildup was the way to go.

In the December '92 survey, people were asked which recent developments they found most distressing. Sixty-seven percent named inflation and the drop in living standards (down, curiously, from 75 percent at the end of '91—is that evidence of slightly higher optimism, or of resignation?); 30 percent, "the disintegration of economic links" (down from 40); 28 percent, "the collapse of the USSR and the weakening of ties between CIS countries" (down from 38); and 26 percent, "the country's loss of superpower status" (down from 30). The ban on the Communist party, which distressed a mere 6 percent of Russians at the end of 1991, seemed even less upsetting a year later—it was mentioned by two percent of the respondents. Just 10 percent named "growing economic dependency on the West."

And what of the Russians' famed egalitarian passions? Well, only 19 percent put the "growing gap between rich and poor" on the list of their top peeves (down from 26 percent in December '91). In the Clinton era, the number of Americans bothered by such things is no doubt higher. ❐

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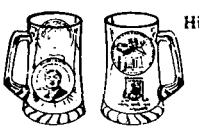

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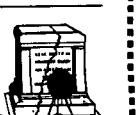

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The Sprucewood Inn

by Dave Shiflett

At a remote crossroads in the Pike National Forest, forty-five miles southwest of Denver, stands the Sprucewood Inn, a small tavern in the log-cabin style, the sort of establishment the muscatel-lit Jack Kerouac might have considered the ideal place to die.

Unfortunately for poor Jack, he was doomed to expire in the tropical sweat of St. Petersburg, Florida, after a sizable guzzling of Scotch. Being of a more healthy bent, others of us come to this mountain spa beneath the evergreens to be revived, often after a long day of pulling rainbows from the nearby South Platte River, where a recent electronic survey found upwards of 1,400 trout per 1,000 feet, some of which are large enough to take the hand off an infant.

We fishers feel quite strongly about this drinking facility. Like all blue-ribbon bars, the Sprucewood benefits greatly from its location, which must be considered in the widest context to be fully appreciated. From the front door it is 1,600 miles to the Atlantic Ocean, a trip that includes long stretches of geographic white noise—most notably Kansas—and a drop of 7,500 vertical feet. Some 1,100 miles to the West, across the deserts and the smoldering ruins of Los Angeles, lies the cold Pacific. Thinking of all that land between the sea and thee is enough to work up a big thirst in all but the most incorrigible imam.

On a typical midcontinent Saturday, hordes of anglers pass the Sprucewood en route to the river. The smart ones forgo that early morning draft for many reasons, among them Nighthawk Hill, which lies between the inn and the bounteous South Platte. Nighthawk includes a stretch with a 15 percent grade (suitable for the Giant Slalom) and no guard rails: a falling car might end its journey on the hungry boulders below, which seldom release their catch.

But after a day on the river, as the sun sinks toward Tokyo, the neon Coors sign in the front window acts like a powerful magnet on the front bumper of an angler's car, even when plans were to go straight home. For unknown reasons, we slam on the brakes at the last moment, skidding to a loud halt in the mountain stillness, sometimes only feet from the Sprucewood's front door.

It's not a big place: five booths, nine bar stools, and sparse decorations, the most notable being a couple of Polaroids of a treed mountain lion and a shotgunned turkey. The menu is also limited. Beers (bottled, three brands) go for $1.75, and a limited selection of spirits, including good Tennessee whiskey, is also available. Those planning to dine at the Sprucewood will note that the chef serves no french fries. At last count, eight signs stated as much, so it's safe to assume he means it.

But these limitations hardly matter, since the real point of going there is to swap fishing stories. By mutual agreement, the truth is taken out early on and locked in the trunk. Soon even fingerlings undergo huge growth spurts, some reaching sizes so big they straighten hooks, snap rods, and bore escape tunnels through solid rock. One fellow told of watching a bald eagle being pulled under by a jumbo German brown, the raptor apparently giving off a very loud shriek just before disappearing in a bloody foam.

It's worth mentioning that on many days the Sprucewood beer may not be a fisher's first. When he entered the river, it's possible that in the front of his waders were stashed two Olympias (priced a recent weekend at $10.45 for three 12-packs), while in his vest were stashed other secret weapons (also purchased at a discount), including flies tied by Guatemalan prisoners of state.

Thus lubed, even the most reserved of us often feel obliged to tell our own tales, which may have started when an afternoon cloud passed between us and the sun, at which moment a big rainbow, 11 years old by the looks of him, made a mistake. The bugger struck hard, we explain, tearing down the river, but we held on tight, fighting him, following him, finally netting him. Slowly, we slipped him into the back of the fishing vest, continuing our casting as the sun set and he died upon our back.

"How big was he?" your sipping partner might ask.

"What'd I say a second ago?"

"Twenty inches."

"Make that twenty-two point five, and fat as Oprah's thigh."

The catch-and-release purists at the next table are miffed that you are taking the big boy home, and in fact it was not altogether pleasant feeling him in his death throes, the poet in you noting that his fins, scratching the inside of your vest, sounded like an angel's wings brushing the inside of a coffin. But what the heck—it's only a fish, not your grandmother. Let's not be saps about it.

The rich have their clubs, from which they depart with revived intellects and spirits, and we fishers have our Sprucewoods, where we warm ourselves in the age-old glow that comes from capturing fellow creatures for the purpose of eating them. That glow stays with us as we roll toward our high-plains cities, their lights twinkling below us as we descend the mountain. On the back patio, the rainbow roasts on the grill, Pisces blazes above, and heaven settles in for the evening. And tomorrow? Tomorrow, of course, we go after the bugger's sister. ❐

Dave Shiflett is deputy editorial-page editor at the Rocky Mountain News *and our Rocky Mountain editor.*

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Dogs and Groundhogs

by James Bowman

Near the end of Joe Dante's new film, *Matinee*, a couple of beatnik types coming out of a 1962 vintage horror flick about a man who turns into a giant ant are heard saying in exasperated tones: "American movies!" This is one of the few good jokes in a film that tries too hard to do too many things. It has some retrospectively politically correct things to say about the Cuban missile crisis and a message about people's reactions to fear which, unfortunately, I cannot relay to you because I didn't understand it.

But I have a guilty sympathy with the proto-hippies' disgust at American movies. It is not the old B-movie, science-fiction stuff that I mind but would-be serious films like *Matinee*. Our kids' movies lead the world, but our grown-up ones rarely bear comparison with the best foreign films. As a patriotic American, I can't help wondering why some of the tens of millions of dollars that Hollywood now invariably spends on a movie can't be put toward artistic or dramatic quality.

Look at the case of *The Vanishing*. This is a film that was made quite cheaply a few years ago by the Dutch director, George Sluizer. It was exciting, moving, scary—a well-crafted tale of a young man's obsession with his girlfriend's disappearance. It was a surprise success and 20th Century Fox bought the property. It even bought the *director*, for Pete's sake! Sluizer came to Hollywood to make the same picture with an American cast. But he must have drunk the water, because he ended up making a mess.

Here I must reveal the endings to make my point, so skip the next two paragraphs if you don't mean to take my advice and skip the film. In the original version, the hero's determination to find out what happened to the girl gets him buried alive. End of story. His obsession drives him mad, and he suffers a madman's fate, while the terrifyingly normal man who abducted the girl is left to get on with his terrifyingly normal life. You can imagine the story conference. You mean the bad guy *wins*? You mean the hero *dies*? The cost of all those California millions to poor Mr. Sluizer was the reversal of those two predicates for a start: bad guy dies, hero wins. Just to try something new.

He also had to introduce a love interest (apart from the disappeared girl) for Kiefer Sutherland who, as I suppose a foreigner might not have known, is about as convincing as a haunted, obsessive personality as Al Gore would be. Girl number two turns out to be a feisty, tough-talking waitress (Nancy Travis) of the recently fashionable Hollywood Amazon type. Cute but deadly. She puts on her Wonder Woman outfit and rescues Kiefer at the last gasp from the coffin in which the amusingly understated villain, played by Jeff Bridges, has buried him. Bridges's foreign accent, otherwise unexplained and almost as bad as Nick Nolte's in *Lorenzo's Oil*, must have been adopted as a kind of mockery of the bland Americanization and therefore trivialization of an interesting foreign film.

Jon Amiel's production of *Sommersby* is not so bad as this, but it is another example of how we domesticate foreign products. It is based on *The Return of Martin Guerre*, a French film of 1982 by Daniel Vigne and starring Gérard Depardieu. The ne'er-do-well Martin Guerre deserts his wife and family and then appears to return years later and much changed as an ideal husband and father. Of course, it is not the real Martin Guerre. Or not the original one anyway. That character, as nasty a piece of work as ever, returns to claim his own, and the imposter is executed—much to the regret of the gorgeous Nathalie Baye, whose true husband he has paradoxically become.

The final scene is unforgettable. In it the bulky Depardieu, seen dangling on the end of a rope like a side of beef, represents grim fatality's mocking answer to the question of identity which the film has so delicately broached. There is a kind of tragic dignity to this story of a simple peasant who merely wanted, as any of us might want, to live another man's life—and did it better than the other man did—before being caught. The American version pretties him up. Richard Gere is Southern gentry at the end of the Civil War, a landowner returned to revolutionize agriculture as well as race relations in his little Tennessee valley community. This man is no peasant but a progressive hero who is living the American dream by making a new start. The man whose identity he assumes is dead.

Gere and Jodie Foster act their little hearts out to make a brooding meditation on human destiny into a decent but lightweight psychological drama. To its credit and unlike *The Vanishing* it does not flinch at the ending, but it does not allow us to see it either. Gere is no hunk of dead meat but a great spirit whose legacy lives on. He assumes another man's identity for only the purest and most noble of reasons, to redeem the sins of an earlier self; his death is not the hammer blow of fate but his chosen alternative to going back to that old, bad self. Yessir, we think as we come out of this film, that was a fine man. Pity he had to die. But Martin Guerre was

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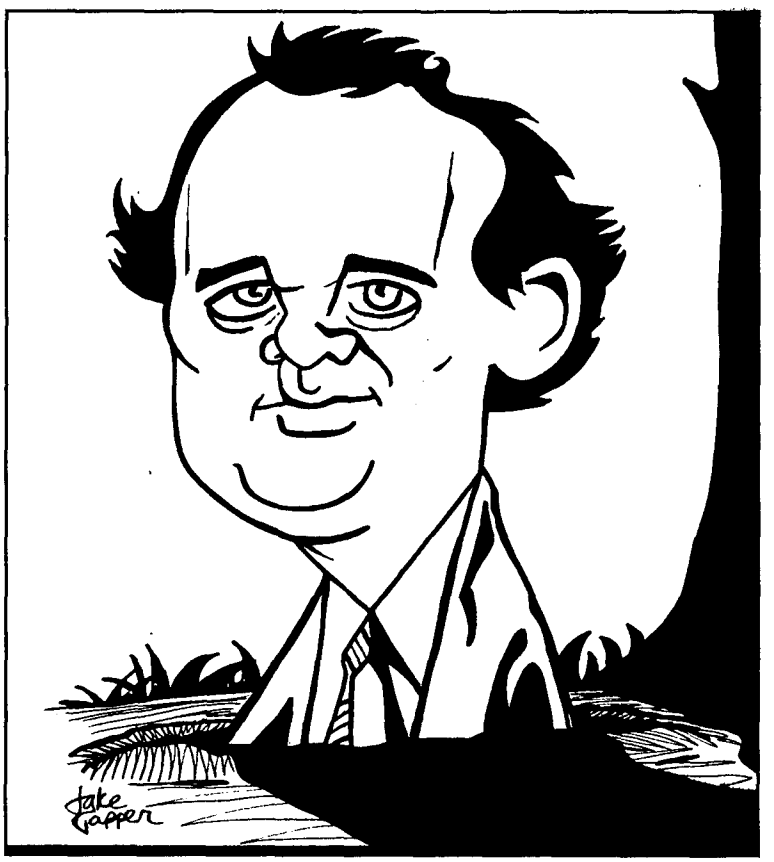
Everyman, and his death had terror as well as pity.

Remakes like these two would be almost enough to give an American an inferiority complex if it were not for Eurotrash like *Damage* by Louis Malle and *Indochine* by Regis Wargnier—pictures which demonstrate that we Americans have no monopoly on crassness and triviality. To be sure they are high-class trash, both of them, but trash nevertheless. Their sumptuous photography and skillful editing, together with the very sophisticated and worldly characters whose lives they treat, give them a European cachet, but even that doesn't stop audiences from laughing—especially at *Damage*.

Apart from the absurd literalism with which this film treats the idea of inarticulate passion—Jeremy Irons and Juliette Binoche simply fall into each other's arms without saying a word—the most laughable thing about it is its pretense of fathoming what it calls "the unknowable." So far from being unknowable, this mystery of passion here is overburdened with knowledge—in the form of soap opera psychology applied to the characters' lurid pasts to explain and thus render banal and predictable even the most heart-rending emotions.

Indochine is in a way even worse. It aspires to be a sort of French *Dr. Zhivago* or *Gone With the Wind*, but it makes *Dr. Zhivago* look like a model of subtlety and understatement and *Gone With the Wind* like an exercise in political realism. You would have thought that this kind of Communist chic would have died out even in France, but no, the French colonialists still wear the black hats and the commies the white ones. Add to such moral simple-mindedness exotic Asian locations, gorgeous scenery, Catherine Deneuve, and a tall, dark, mysterious naval officer (Vincent Perez) whose eyes smoulder with a passionate intensity that causes beautiful women in expensive clothes to fall in love with him and you have—trash. Designer trash.

It can be but small consolation to Americans to reflect that other countries' trash is just as trashy as our trash, but we may be able to go further. There is a kind of film that Hollywood does from time to time that is neither pretentious nor crass and that turns both American moralism and the fatally fantastical temptations of the medium to good account. Such a film is our Movie of the Month, proudly made in the USA, *Groundhog Day* by Harold Ramis. It is an exercise in Hollywood metaphysics, but in a comic, not a portentous, *Twilight Zone* sort of way. It is



rather in the old-fashioned class of *It's a Wonderful Life* or *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* than in that of such recent and unsatisfactory examples of the genre as *Ghost, Jacob's Ladder*, or *Saving Your Life*.

Bill Murray plays a weatherman for a television station in Pittsburgh who thinks he is too good for what the prayer book used to call the station of life into which God has called him. Like so many of us, he always wants to be somewhere else, doing something else with different people. from the "morons" and "hicks" with whom he finds himself surrounded. It therefore seems natural that God, or the Universe, or the Way Things Are should punish him by making him wake up every morning for eternity—or near enough—on the morning of the same Groundhog Day festival in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, an event that he loathes and despises.

"What would you do?" he asks a drunken companion after having relived the same day for the first three or four times: "What would you do if you were stuck in one place and every day was the same?" The drunk looks at him with true fellow feeling and says, "Yep, that about sums it up for me." It is a nicely post-modern touch to make the character aware that he is living in a metaphor for lives of quiet desperation everywhere, but it is old-fashioned moralism that determines what he does about it. First he decides to live it up and take advantage of his situation; then, in despair, he kills himself. Several times. But always he wakes up the morning before in the Punxsutawney guest house to Sonny and Cher's "I Got You, Babe" on the clock radio.

"I'm a god," he says to his producer, played by Andie MacDowell. "I mean I'm not *the* God. I don't think. But I am an immortal." He tries to prove it by playing tricks until it dawns on him: "Maybe the real God uses tricks. Maybe He's not omnipotent; He's just been around so long He knows everything." At any rate, this kind of God-like knowledge, which is a function of love, is what Murray has to learn. He can only really see and therefore only really know Punxsutawney—together with all the hicks and yokels he once despised—by having his face rubbed in the place. But when he does he finally comes to love it—rather, perhaps, as God loves the world. It is a genuinely religious insight and it ought to make us proud that the movie that illustrates it could only have been made in America. ❐

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CHINA IN OUR TIME

Ross Terrill

Simon & Schuster / 366 pages / $25

reviewed by WILLIAM MCGURN

On a sunny Memorial Day afternoon in 1971, an academic resident at Harvard received a phone call from the Embassy of the People's Republic of China in Ottawa. The Middle Kingdom was again ready to receive him, after an absence of seven years. Because he was Australian, moreover, he was not bound by the ban on travel to China by U.S. citizens. Indeed, the impetus for the invitation was a trip to Peking by the leader of the Australian Labor party, Gough Whitlam, the first of many to try to play the "China card" (and not the last to discover China had played him). As with most things Chinese, however, there was more to it than that. Peking was also planning for a secret visit by the American national security adviser, Henry Kissinger.

The Harvard academic was Ross Terrill, and the result of his trip was an extraordinary portrait of China published later that year as a two-part series in the *Atlantic Monthly* and, ultimately, as a book, *800 Million*. What made it so extraordinary was the vividness of the portrait, the richness of detail of Chinese life at a time when Americans had virtually no knowledge of what was going on in China. In retrospect it remains extraordinary, but for quite the opposite reason: we now know that the author of these pieces had no knowledge of what was really going on in China, either.

Along with other enthusiasts of the day, Terrill imbibed deeply of the myths of New Maoist Man. Not a single word in his series criticized the Cultural Revolution, arguably the most horrifying period in Chinese history. To the contrary, while acknowledging that there had been some turmoil, the *Atlantic* chronicle and his subsequent book were full of fabulous achievements rivaling the accounts of Marco Polo. At various points he cites the Cultural Revolution as having slashed bureaucracy, boosted industrial production, reformed the education system, and improved health care; he quotes an archaeologist as crediting Red Guard destruction for helping to discover hitherto buried antiquities. Chinese-style Communism, he found, was a kinder, gentler version of the Soviet style, rather suited to its subjects:

> It is no longer simply "Communists" on one hand and "Chinese society" on the other. A merger has occurred at many points—a new kind of *tao* (way) emerges. This makes possible a Dictatorship by Idea (rather than by force). It is not like Poland or Hungary, where the Communists are a blanket spread over the body social. This may be what gave me an impression in China of pervasive yet light-handed control.

Overall, he concluded, the ordinary Chinese person saw "such spectacular benefits" from Chairman Mao that he found life acceptable. "The 'privatistic' alternative," he wrote, ". . . is not a glittering one."

What nonetheless distinguished Terrill from others of the day was that he made no attempt to cover up those unfortunate aspects of the PRC that conflicted with his overall theme of socialist Shangri-La: bricked-up churches, lack of intellectual freedom, stifling social control. Far from discrediting his message, however, these admissions had the effect of lending his interpretation more credibility. Of course, even then there were a few brave souls who dissented from the idea that Mao had liberated the Chinese from human nature and repealed original sin. In his classic work, *Chinese Shadows*, the Belgian Simon Leys, without mentioning Terrill by name, needled him as "a valiant academic journalist who visited China on one of those standard tours [and] wrote a book of a fairly impressive size, which he had the guts to subtitle *The Real China*," and scored him for having the vanity to believe he had in fact got to the life of "real people." William F. Buckley, Jr., who read the articles as he prepared to cover Nixon's historic 1972 visit, was more blunt, calling him "the way station to Orwell." "It was as if Owen Lattimore," wrote Buckley, "travelling through Siberia with Henry Wallace, had reported not that the Soviet Union did not maintain concentration camps there, but that the Soviet Union did indeed maintain them, in great profusion, but that even so, Soviet life was ardently to be cherished."

All this is by way of essential background to Ross Terrill's latest treatise, *China in Our Time*. In sharp contrast to earlier efforts, this is the work of an older and (in most ways) wiser Terrill. Over the years the author's image of China has come into sharper focus, not only because of the knowledge he has accumulated but because of the intrusion of a wisdom that was almost entirely absent from his writings in the 1960s and 1970s. *China in Our Time* is consequently less a chronicle of Chinese history than a sort of *Pilgrim's Progress* for Sinologists.

At myriad junctures, Terrill alludes to the puppy love that began with his first visit as a student and continued through much of his academic career. "I pictured Mao as a modest, principled Eastern sage revolutionary," he admits, "but this image missed his vanity, his streak of pragmatism, and his deep respect for Stalin and the Bolshevik Revolution as foundation stones of socialism." This is but a taste of things to come. "I did not understand," he says, "that the Communist revolution was a deceptive façade behind which lay a mixture of social change, political repression, and cultural continuity." Speaking of the huge anti-American demonstra-

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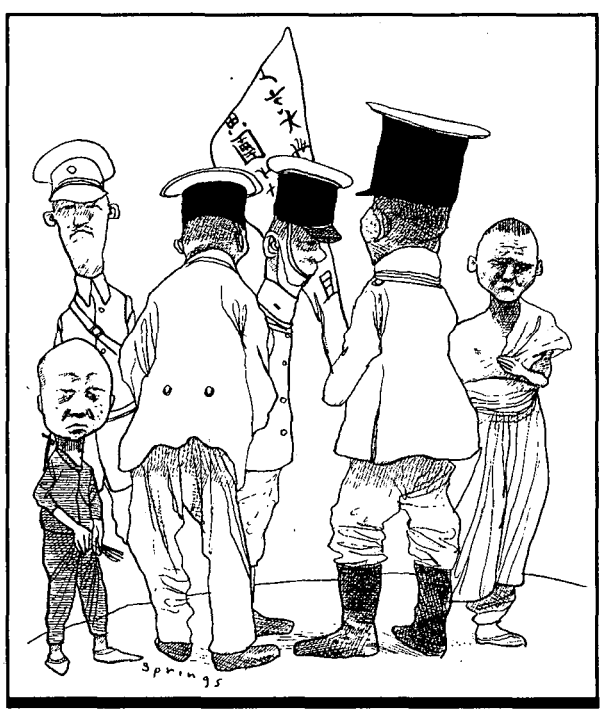
tions on Tiananmen during the Vietnam war, he writes, "I did not then understand the fearsome social organization (through the blandly named 'street communications') that ensured a massive turnout for those officially triggered demonstrations." Again: "I later realized that the excitement of discovering a truly different society had made me too open-minded, and the feeling of being engaged in counteracting the stupidity of the nonacknowledgment of China had made me insufficiently skeptical of the Chinese Communist party." And: "After observing the Cultural Revolution from distant Harvard, I was most struck by China's partial recovery from the chaos of the 1960s, and less disturbed than I should have been by the ongoing grotesqueries of totalitarianism."

By no means is *China in Our Time* one long mea culpa, but the frequency of Terrill's self-criticisms is nonetheless striking. More valuable is his willingness to explain the source of this gullibility, which happened to be dissatisfaction with his own society. "I embraced the guilt of the Western world for having bullied China," he says, and these words should be read in the context of Harvard, Vietnam, and the student demonstrations racking the country. Terrill began his career full of earnest, left-wing Christianity, searching for that elusive "third way" between American capitalism and Soviet Communism. "Dimly I wondered if there could be something of a similarity of impulse between the idealism of the newly established Peace Corps and the apparent idealism and zeal to learn from the grass roots of Chinese Red Guards and professors who were 'going to the countryside.' " History has not treated such talk kindly. At the time, however, it was much in fashion. And because people such as Terrill had been to China and wrapped these pretensions in reporting, their judgments had more apparent credibility than the opinions of those who could only drone on about the nature of Communism.

The practical consequences of this clatter were enormous. China could do no wrong—no Helsinki process for Peking—and no less a figure than Pope Paul VI could talk about the PRC's moral claims while many of his priests and bishops were clanking their chains in its prisons. Not only did the resulting enthusiasm for the People's Republic lead observers to overlook its serious fault lines, it also blinded them to the more revolutionary and tangible achievements of the little Chinas, i.e., Taiwan and Hong Kong. The transformation of Formosa from a Nationalist-warlord fiefdom into the world's twelfth largest trading power and the first genuine Chinese democracy was hardly inevitable, and was completely overlooked by the experts. Even the old opium traders, missionaries, and mountebanks of colonial Hong Kong and Shanghai start to look better in retrospect, because they at least left something in their wake. And ordinary Chinese flocked to what they built as though it were paradise.

For the most part Terrill does a good job of rummaging through old recollections and writings and setting them out against history, even where they prove embarrassing. He further manages to present the rough contours of China's Communist history and the personalities around Mao in exceptionally readable prose. Understandably he is at pains to date his disillusionment with China *before* the slaughter on Tiananmen Square, though he is hardly alone in not having predicted it.



Still, Tiananmen Square remains ever at the back of the author's mind, and with good reason. Those busy condemning Deng today as the "Butcher of Beijing" are the same folks who only a few years earlier had bestowed on him the ultimate journalistic accolade: "pragmatist." This is why Tiananmen proved such a crushing embarrassment. Not only did it come in a country that was supposed to be fundamentally different from the Party despotisms of the Soviet bloc, it came from the leader most associated with reform.

Even this could have been handled had there not been another, intervening factor: television. China had endured repressions before, and the apologists are right to say (though it is a curious defense) that the bloodshed in June 1989 was relatively small compared to many of the regime's other efforts. But the presence of television cameras, there to record the visit of Mikhail Gorbachev, ensured that the image of a benign and ever-reforming Chinese Communism was exploded for an American audience. This was a fitting dénouement to Kissinger's note in his own memoirs how the carefully manipulated images of Nixon visiting China simply "overrode the printed word."

Although he had begun the journey from Deng much earlier, Tiananmen represented a grave breaking point for Terrill, who had arrived in Peking for another one of his visits just hours before the tanks rolled in:

> The real tragedy of communism in China became clear when an entire generation's cry for individual self-realization through democracy was silenced by a regime part of whose mission had been to free the individual from a prior bondage to a despotic emperor system. Ironically, both Mao's Liberation and Deng's suppression were signalled to the world from that same historic Tiananmen Square.

It was an unintentionally revealing choice of words. Those without prior commitments might have described the "real tragedy" *as*, not of, Communism in China. And we would likely have seen continuity, not irony, between Mao's announcement of a Communist state and Deng's act of suppression on the stage of Tiananmen Square. →

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Oddly enough, in the rush to paint the blackest possible picture of the Deng regime, Terrill may inadvertently be undermining himself in one area where history has proved him correct: the re-establishment of trade and relations with China. To be sure, the ultimate rationale for Nixon's trip to China had more to do with strategic imperatives than with any love for Maoist China (China's reasons, Terrill makes clear, were similarly cold-blooded). But those who argued that refusing to engage China meant giving up a chance to influence China were certainly correct, and trade has not only helped create an emerging middle class—it has ensured that the regime will at least pay a price for crimes such as Tiananmen. Today we are in the thick of the same debate over U.S. recognition for Hanoi. Surely it cannot continue to escape the notice of conservatives that the Communist regimes that have proved the most resilient are precisely those we have cut off: North Korea, Cuba, Vietnam.

If there is an irony to *China in Our Time*, it has less to do with any transition from Mao to Deng than with the transition of the author himself. During the heyday of the China watchers the argument was always that China's distinctiveness meant that all the normal rules had been suspended. But almost two decades after Mao's death his portrait still hangs over Tiananmen Square, a reminder that what unites Communists—Lenin's theory of power—is far more important than the assorted varieties of economic development. Terrill quotes a Peking University professor who puts his finger on what will remain the party's greatest crime against its people. "All the old ethics were destroyed," he says, "but nothing new has come."

This same sense of foreboding doubtless helps to account for the autumnal air that hangs over *China in Our Time*. The future Terrill wrote about so enthusiastically twenty years ago has yielded to obituary, with the Communist era poised to take its place in the history books with the myriad other dynasties that the citizens of the Middle Kingdom have seen come and go. Ponderously subtitled "the epic saga of the People's Republic, from the Communist victory to Tiananmen Square and beyond," it would have been much more accurate to substitute the words "Ross Terrill" for "the People's Republic." It is no less a saga and by far the more compelling tale. ❐

TURNING POINT: A CANDIDATE, A STATE AND A NATION COME OF AGE

Jimmy Carter

Times Books / 224 pages / $22

reviewed by EUGENE H. METHVIN

In October 1962, as President John F. Kennedy faced Soviet nuclear missiles in Cuba and took the world to the brink of World War III, the man who would occupy the Oval Office fifteen years later was wrestling with another crisis. Jimmy Carter was making his first bid for electoral office, for a seat in the Georgia Senate. A corrupt county boss stole enough votes to defeat him and seemingly end his political career before it began. Against all odds, Carter chose to fight—and won. That is the story the former president tells in *Turning Point: A Candidate, a State, and a Nation Come of Age*.

Carter sets his personal drama in the context of a tectonic shift in American life and politics. The postwar tractor revolution pushed millions of rural people, especially black farmhands, into cities. The 1960 census marked the first time a majority of blacks lived outside the eleven old Confederate states, a change with vast consequences for both North and South.

More important for his purposes, a 1962 Supreme Court compelled state legislatures, including Georgia's, to reapportion themselves. In Georgia, federal judges ordered redistricting and a new election for the senate. Because he hailed from larger, more populous Sumter County, newly joined with six thinly populated rural counties, Carter figured he had a good chance, even though he was challenging an entrenched legislative veteran from the old rural district. So on October 1, his 38th birthday, Carter announced his candidacy.

Two days before the election, Joe Hurst, boss of tiny, rural Quitman County (pop. 3,000), on the Chattahoochee River bordering Alabama, phoned the opponent's campaign manager and announced he was going to "stuff the ballot box." The manager remonstrated that it wasn't necessary, whereupon Hurst responded, "We do it every time, and I don't want my people to get out of practice." By such favors to judges, prosecutors, and state officials, Hurst had won virtually unchallenged power for himself, and considerable wealth.

Indeed, Hurst broke about every election law on the books. He conducted the voting at the courthouse in Georgetown, without a booth, in a tiny office where he and his hacks could see how every voter marked his ballots. Top Hack Doc Hammond would lay the ballot on the counter saying, "Just scratch out Jimmy Carter's name. Joe wants you to vote for Homer Moore." Hurst threatened to throw Carter's pollwatcher into the river if he interfered, so the outsider silently made notes. One elderly couple dared to take their ballots outside, marked them, folded them tightly, and dropped them in the unsealed cardboard carton that served as a ballot box. As they walked out, Hurst yelled, "Let me see if you all have learned the right way to vote." He reached into the box, pulled out their ballots, read them, and tore them up. He took six fresh ballots, scratched out Carter's name, and put them in the box: "That's the way you are supposed to vote," he told the old couple. "If I ever catch you all voting wrong again, your house might burn down!"

But as news of the Carter presence spread, some of Hurst's local opponents—there were a few—gathered a small delegation at poll-closing time to demand explanations. Hurst grabbed the ballot box and left.

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When the counting was over that night, Carter lost the Georgetown box by a margin of 214 votes, and in all seven counties by 139. Without the fraudulent Georgetown box, Carter would have won by 75. Next day Carter told his Quitman County supporters, "You people have lost contol of your own affairs. It looks like I've lost too, but if you will help me, I'll fight this to the end." The locals promised not to yield—and they did not.

The legal deck was stacked against election protesters. But Carter called a cousin in the newspaper business who tipped an *Atlanta Journal* reporter, John Pennington, who happened to be another farm boy out of Carter's Sumter County. Pennington—who was a friend and hero of this reviewer—scented a good story. Vote-stealing has been the journalistic crusader's grist in South Georgia for generations: sixteen years before, another *Journal* reporter had won a Pulitzer Prize exposing voting shenanigans in Herman Talmadge's home county of Telfair. (The reporter showed that dozens of voters had risen from the cemetery, marched to the polls in perfect alphabetical order, and cast their ballots. All of which prompted one political figure to announce repeatedly on the chicken-and-pea circuit, "When I die I want to be buried in Telfair County so I can remain politically active.")

The biggest problem was persuading Quitman County people to talk. Senator or not, Carter would vanish and they would still have to live with Boss Hurst, whose power would endure regardless of the senate race outcome. "Yet people did come forward," Carter writes. "Even today I find it amazing that so many were willing to endanger their financial and physical well-being to bring free elections to their county and to escape from domination by such a powerful man."

Indeed, people got up a petition signed by more than 10 percent of the county's registered voters denouncing the way the election had been conducted and asking Carter to continue his fight and help them clean up politics in their county. And thirty voters provided affidavits specific enough to impress any objective judge.

The day this petition was delivered, John Pennington broke a sensational exposé in the *Atlanta Journal*. He showed that the dead had voted in the earlier Democratic primary; military men who had been away for years, and other former Quitman Countians living as far away as California and Virginia, had had ballots cast in their name; contacted by phone, they expressed amazement and umbrage. Several people were listed as having voted twice. Most amazingly, 117 people out of a total vote of 773 lined up and cast ballots in perfect alphabetical order, "even down to the second and third letters of the last name," Pennington wrote. And one gentleman who had lost his right to vote because he was in Alabama's state penitentiary had apparently escaped, voted, and returned to his cell.

Pennington's stories made the Quitman County vote a statewide scandal. Ultimately, one judge threw out the Georgetown ballot box as fraudulent and declared Carter the legitimate Democratic nominee; then another ordered that neither Carter nor his primary opponent should be listed on the general election ballot, giving voters a free write-in choice. Quitman Countians, freed from Hurst's domination, gave Carter a resounding victory, 448 to 23, and he won a clear endorsement in the whole seven-county district, 3,013 to 2,182.

Carter never forgot his debt to John Pennington. In 1980, Pennington, then 58, lay dying of cancer in a St. Petersburg, Florida, hospital, and the President of the United States paid a personal visit to cheer him up.

One of the wonders of the American political system that holds foreigners in perpetual awe is its ability to heave up obscure strangers—to them—into the presidency who acquit themselves more or less adequately, and the heavens do not fall. We need only to mention Harry Truman, Jerry Ford, Jimmy Carter and—let us pray—Bill Clinton. From Tocqueville to Lord Bryce, foreign observers have marveled at the grassroots political competence of Americans.

Reading Carter's memoir after a 4,000-mile rail journey across Russia in Year One of the Post-Soviet Era, I am vividly impressed with the awesome odds democracy faces. The brass-knuckles/grassroots/political-legal-journalistic warfare Carter depicts in Georgia is a kind of political exercise Russians have never known. They wait for politics to happen to them, instead of making it happen themselves. In Omsk I asked a sophisticated academic about local political organizing to chart the province's future. No need, he said: "Moscow will send us good men" to govern. And what were they doing to select a new leader after Yeltsin's term ends? "They will choose a good man," he said. And who the blazes is "they," and who will pick them? We Americans elect 521,000 officials every six-year cycle to govern us. James Madison, after watching a knock-down political contest in Orange County, Virginia, was moved to observe that democracy requires exercise to survive, just as an army requires drill and maneuvers.

The 1962 fight opened Carter's eyes not only to the ways the democratic process can be subverted, "but also to the capacity of men and women of good will to engage the system to right such wrongs." As Daniel Webster said upon the completion of his fifty-year career: "Nothing will ruin the country if the people themselves will undertake its safety; and nothing can save it if they leave their safety in any hands but their own." This is a potent point to ponder for those liberals who would rather trust five lawyers in Washington to create rights for us instead of the 7,500 state legislators, 90,000 schoolboard members, 120,000 or so county commissioners, and hundreds of thousands of mayors, councilmen, library board members, and such.

Carter's career—from peanut warehouse to White House in sixteen years, the first Southerner to win the presidency outright since 1858—constitutes the great Long March of American Politics, and though judgments differ on his four-year presidency, no one can ever take from him the sparkle of that triumph. Still striving, he ends his book with a plug for his Atlanta project, seeking to do on a one-city scale what no president has ever been able to accomplish: focus the several hundred federal, state and local government agencies and private organizations that deal with crime, poverty, bad housing, inadequate health care and unemployment into an orchestrated assault. He stands no more chance of succeeding in that effort than he did in 1962. ❐

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ECO-SCAM:
THE FALSE PROPHETS OF ECOLOGICAL DOOM

Ronald Bailey

St. Martin's Press / 256 pages / $19.95

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BALANCING TECHNOLOGY AND THE ENVIRONMENT

Michael Fumento

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Patrick J. Michaels

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ENVIRONMENTAL OVERKILL:
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO COMMON SENSE?

Dixy Lee Ray and Lou Guzzo

Regnery Gateway / 232 pages / $19.95

reviewed by JONATHAN H. ADLER

This past fall, Jeremy Rifkin and Lester Brown held court at the annual conference of the Society of Environmental Journalists. As the breakfast speaker, Rifkin, the author of *Beyond Beef* and *Algeny*, delivered a lesson on the "inverse history of the age of progress," and an indictment of technological advancement as having created an "unparalleled" global crisis. "You need to keep proselytizing in your reporting," he told the audience of green beat reporters. Brown, president of the Worldwatch Institute, was promoting the then-soon-to-be-released *State of the World 1993*—the annual Worldwatch chronicle of impending environmental catastrophe and, one should note, the only book foretelling the end of the world that routinely advertises next year's edition.

Brown and Rifkin have both predicted environmental disasters for years. Whether it is Brown's 1974 prediction that food stocks would be outpaced by population growth, or Rifkin's 1983 pronouncement that biotechnology posed "as serious a threat to the existence of life on this planet as the bomb itself," the two are repeatedly delivering millenarian predictions that never come to pass.

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They are hardly alone. Butterfly expert Paul Ehrlich has long forecast disaster from resource exhaustion and overpopulation, as did Jay Forrester's Club of Rome. Carl Sagan, Mr. Cosmos himself, peddled apocalyptic scenarios of a "nuclear winter" caused by a limited atomic exchange. As PBS producer Ronald Bailey details in *Eco-Scam: The False Prophets of Ecological Doom*, Rifkin, Brown, and their fellow "apocalypse abusers" have turned the art of delivering horrendously inaccurate predictions into a cottage industry. Each year the predicted catastrophes fail to occur, and each year the next round of horrible predictions is eagerly embraced by an environmental press desperate to produce startling stories with enticing headlines. Brisk book sales and multi-million grants from the Rockefeller or MacArthur foundations soon follow. Rarely do the media return to survey the apocalyptics' failed predictions. Notes Bailey, "One reason the apocalypse abusers thrive is that the public has no long-term memory."

After reporting on these issues for several years at *Forbes*, Bailey told me, he noticed that when the scaremongers were not exaggerating, they were flat-out wrong. Moreover, their approach is nearly always the same: Adopt my statist visions or die a miserable death. Indeed, it seems as if the majority of apocalypse abusers took a page from the anti-nuclear activists—who were responding to a threat that was at least plausible—to advance their causes. To date, they have been fairly successful in imposing their policy prescriptions, if not in fulfilling their predictions.

While the protagonists of Bailey's saga always foretell a future threat, there are those apocalyptics who believe it has already arrived. In the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat, these fear-mongers warn of a plague of cancers that has been unleashed by twentieth-century technology. Everything from pesticides to power lines has been indicted; nothing is safe. When David Reynard appeared on "Larry King Live" to accuse a cellular phone of having given his wife a brain tumor after only a few months of use, stocks plunged and Congress ordered hearings. One *New Yorker* writer has even charged utilities with conspiring to hide the terrifying "facts" about power lines and electric blankets causing an epidemic of cancer. And these stories, like those of the environ-

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mental doomsayers, typically receive a respectful hearing, as Michael Fumento illustrates in *Science Under Siege*.

Whether it is the threat of dioxin that prompted the evacuation of Times Beach, Missouri, or the fear that an epidemic of birth defects has been induced by video display terminals, Fumento illustrates how the media, and in turn the public, are routinely snookered. For instance, in epidemiology one expects to find clusters, just as when one repeatedly flips a coin there will be occasional series where the same side lands face-up repeatedly. Thus, it is to be expected that some areas will simply have higher rates of brain cancer or birth defects than others. Because such calamities naturally befall thousands of people every year—the "background risk" for cancer is approximately 1 in 4—clusters alone cannot be used to indict some new technology. Moreover, associations do not necessarily imply any causal relationship. Thus, the mere fact that three men who ate pepperoni pizzas every week while in college all suffer from testicular cancer means nothing, absent additional information and a potentially causal connection. There is a strong tendency to search for "unnatural" causes for medical tragedies, but journalists are being unscientific when they accept such stories without further evidence.

Consider the example of Alar, an apple pesticide that "60 Minutes" labeled "the most potent cancer-causing agent in our food supply." The Natural Resources Defense Council orchestrated a successful anti-Alar campaign as part of a larger crusade against all pesticide use. As Fumento discusses in two chapters on the subject (developed from an article he wrote in these pages), Alar never posed a cancer threat to consumers. In fact, the same animal tests used to condemn Alar could be used to condemn natural substances that appear in foods such as peanuts and celery. But don't expect the NRDC to call for banning celery any time soon. Notes Fumento: "Alar gives you somebody to get outraged at; natural chemicals in fruits and vegetable don't."

The average American citizen hardly knows enough about carcinogenicity or atmospheric science to evaluate the competing claims independently. Yet as Dixy Lee Ray and Lou Guzzo point out in *Environmental Overkill*, while politicized science may be the source of the greatest distortions, it is not the source of the greatest injustices. In their broad-based, if occasionally simplistic, overview of the environmental debate, Ray and Guzzo point out that civil liberties are routinely subjugated to environmental concerns that owe more to ideology than to science. In a whirlwind tour of major issues, from wetlands and endangered species to ozone depletion and EMF, Ray and Guzzo show the toll taken by the near-religious fervor of leaders within the environmental establishment. Property has been taken, jobs destroyed, and promising careers threatened. Dissent and moderation are challenged, in the words of Al Gore, as "irresponsible." Indeed, the vice president has been in the forefront of squelching debate. He claimed, for example, the existence of a scientific consensus in 1986 that global warming was already occurring, though surveys by Gallup and Greenpeace could find no such consensus as recently as last year.

One of those who has inspired Gore's wrath is University of Virginia climatologist Patrick Michaels, author of *Sound and Fury*. As Michaels recounts, his entry into the debate over global warming was quite accidental. Disturbed by the disjunction between the climate-model predictions and the observable data, in 1986 Michaels authored an "Outlook" piece in the *Washington Post* that would point out the "complicated nature" of the greenhouse phenomenon, and "the apparent inconsistency between observed data and apocalyptic projections." Michaels was quite surprised at the "nasty" responses his half-page article provoked from both the EPA and then-Senator Gore. As he recounts, "I began to realize that people were, shall we say, touchy about the issue."

Michaels noticed that several scientists were promoting the apocalyptic vision with little scientific support for their views. As he carefully lays out in *Sound and Fury*, the data to support an apocalyptic global warming scenario do not exist. In fact, the computer models upon which prognostications are based cannot even accurately predict the *present*. As global warming proponent Stephen Schneider of the National Center for Atmospheric Research was forced to acknowledge in 1989, "It is going to be another decade or two before we have answers that are credible."

Without reliable computer models, one should focus upon the data to assess the impact of increased emissions of so-called "greenhouse gases." As Michaels points out, such an investigation demonstrates that any anticipated warming, consistent with the historical record, "is hardly a basis for an apocalyptic vision and, in fact, is more likely the opposite." The facts are that any anticipated warming should occur primarily at night and during the winter, will increase rainfall, lengthen the growing season, and decrease the severity of tropical storms. This is the recipe for a climate akin to that which existed when the majority of existing species originally evolved, not a cataclysm. Precipitous action to avert global warming is hardly warranted by the existing evidence. Such statements are not overly controversial within the scientific community, but they are sure to provoke the ire of the vice president.

Speaking out on this issue has not been cost-free for Michaels or other scientists brave enough to challenge the environmental zeitgeist. The federal government controls the purse-strings of much scientific funding, providing ample opportunity for reprisals. And scientists can be rewarded for promoting the proper conclusions: NASA, for instance, has been encouraged to issue apocalyptic press releases to ensure continued funding in an age of tight budgets.

Many prominent environmentalists seem more interested in restructuring modern civilization than in saving the planet from destruction. While it may be difficult to ascribe ulterior motives to environmental extremists in each and every case, for some the agenda is quite open.

Consider the aforementioned Stephen Schneider. In the 1970s, Schneider was peddling a different cataclysm: global *cooling*. In his book, *The Genesis Strategy: Climate and Global Survival*, Schneider endorsed the full panoply of leftist social goals, including wealth redistribution and industrial policy, all in the name of averting an ecological disaster. He even proposed creating a fourth branch of government, the "Truth and Consequences Branch" (no joke) that would disseminate propaganda worldwide so that people would "question present value systems and adopt a new political consciousness."

Fifteen years later, even though his scientific opinions now directly contradict his earlier ones, Schneider is arguing for more or less the same program. As Ronald Bailey points out, the apocalyptic threat may vary, but the proposed solution—centralized government authority—is nearly always the same. ❐

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LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS: A WRITER'S LIFE

Carol Gelderman

Crown / 287 pages / $25

reviewed by M. D. CARNEGIE

John O'Hara was a strange and angry soul, and when Louis Auchincloss allowed as much, he occasioned this reply from the fat man: "I don't know anything about your importance as a lawyer, but in my league you are still a bat-boy, and forty-three is pretty old for a bat-boy." The essence of the genteel man is his unflappability, as everyone knows, and as critics began frequently comparing the two writers, Auchincloss would send O'Hara the clippings, not forgetting to sign them: "Bat-boy." He finally desisted upon the request of O'Hara's wife, who nabbed Louis at a family reunion; she was one of his many cousins.

Few families of the Social Register have seen one of their issue infiltrate the vulgar ranks of the best-seller lists, and none could have been more chagrined than the family of Louis Auchincloss. His father was appalled when young Auchincloss decided to publish the first novel, fearing it would destroy his son's career as a Wall Street attorney. His mother, a domineering and protective woman of refined literary sensibility, thought the book "trivial and vulgar," and implored him to use a pseudonym. To this the dutiful son acquiesced, and the publication of Andrew Lee's *The Indifferent Children* (1947) began a career that has spanned twenty-two novels and some thirteen story collections. *The Injustice Collectors* (1950), his next book (published under his real name), brought extravagant praise from Walter Lippmann and Evelyn Waugh. Auchincloss had hit the ground running.

But except for the early 1960s, when he enjoyed a vogue on the best-seller lists and was a serious candidate for the major prizes, Auchincloss has been largely neglected. The reason is not just the author's uneven output, for worse writers have often fared better at the novelist hustle. Rather, he has been slighted because of his choice of subject matter, which is the WASP class in American life. Auchincloss is our Lampedusa of the brownstones, and as such has occasionally aroused disgust from the critics. "I can believe the upper class is human," steamed a writer in the *New York Review of Books* in 1972, "but fiction seems the wrong medium for the privileged life, which belongs, if anywhere, in the spreads in *Country Life* or *The New York*

Times society page." He has been called "anachronistic," "claustrophobic and rigid," and, of course, "not fashionable." His best book, *The Rector of Justin* (1964), lost the Pulitzer to a now-forgotten novel about miscegenation.

Auchincloss's work is as close as we have to an encyclopedia of the lives of the upper class in twentieth-century flux. As Gore Vidal (himself a former Auchincloss in-law) wrote in 1974, "Such is the vastness of our society and the remoteness of academics and book-chatterers from actual power that those who should be most in this writer's debt have no idea what a useful service he renders us by revealing and, in some ways, by betraying his class." Indeed, the WASPs of whom he writes are in every sense a tight-lipped bunch, and Auchincloss has often horrified them with unflinching descriptions of their inner lives. More than a few in the Groton community went into a tizzy over *The Rector of Justin*, and members of the Whitney family tried to dissuade him from publishing *The Embezzler* (1966), a novel that draws heavily on the case of Richard Whitney. Whitney, five-time president of the New York Stock Exchange, went to prison for misappropriating funds from, among other places, the Stock Exchange Gratuity Fund and the treasury of the New York Yacht Club.

But no member of Auchincloss's circle was more consistent in demanding alterations in his work over questions of propriety than his mother, to whom he routinely showed manuscripts for approval. Whether or not a writer's relationship with his mother is the scrim through which his work should be read, Auchincloss's mother saw his very insistence on writing about the clandestine corridors of WASP life as what he called a betrayal of "allegiance within the citadel." Even so, his apostasy was genuine: to this day, he rues the use of the pseudonym. He quit his first Wall Street job to write full-time, only to end up in psychoanalysis and then back on Wall Street for good. In his "second" career as a novelist, he has never transcended the conventionality of the second-rate.

Louis Auchincloss: A Writer's Life is a work of fandom, not criticism, beginning with the first sentence: "Louis Auchincloss has written a handful of books that rank among the best in American literature." This is a preposterous claim; only the disingenuous could claim he belongs next to Hemingway or Hawthorne or even Howells. Regardless of the merits of his recent work, the adulatory tone is especially ill-suited to a gentleman of the old WASP class, and I should imagine the novelist—now in his seventy-sixth year and with another story collection forthcom-

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ing—would be a bit embarrassed by it all. Not all writers require biographies, and Auchincloss's life, apart from his fiction, does not reward scrutiny overmuch. There was Groton, Yale, University of Virginia law school, service in the war, Wall Street. . . . But even if this *is* the stuff of a truly interesting writer's life, let it be said at once that Gelderman's is not that life.

Gelderman is loath to address the writer's shortcomings—some of the novels are terrible—or the possible origins of Auchincloss's work in his conflicted maternal relationship. As a bachelor, Auchincloss maintained much-commented-on friendships with older women, and then married a woman fourteen years his junior. Yet Gelderman fails to rise above the level of see-Dick-in-analysis: "[Auchincloss] lay on a couch, yielding himself up to free association; that is, saying everything that came to his mind."

The best moments in the book are the novelist's own reflections—on his achievements and those of other writers, and on the downward spiral of the WASP class that has spanned his life and times. Of Henry James he rightly remarks that what he "never learned was how to make his characters reveal themselves in dialogue." The Richard Whitney scandal, he notes, was the product of an ethic now unknown on Wall Street:

> His crime just *rocked* society. Many of his friends wouldn't speak to him until his dying day. They felt he had let them down. Nowadays, you commit a crime and you write a book about it.

And in fondly reminiscing about country weekends spent with the German Jews with whom he first worked as an attorney, he remarks with giveaway WASPishness that, for all their cultivation and aesthetic refinement, they "rather scanted the cocktail hour."

The genteel gentiles, in Vidal's phrase, are not apt to return soon to literary favor, and one has a difficult time resisting the conclusion that Auchincloss will end up a modern-day James Branch Cabell, a stuffed moose-head in a dusty and forgotten corner of American letters. But Cabell's work evokes vividly an era now passed, and Auchincloss's prolific life's work will no doubt do the same for generations yet to come. Few achieve even that much. ❐

MAKING WAR: THE 200-YEAR-OLD BATTLE BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS OVER HOW AMERICA GOES TO WAR

John Lehman

Charles Scribner's Sons / 297 pages / $24

reviewed by FRED CHARLES IKLÉ

Making War offers more than the title promises. The author does not take us down a narrow spiral staircase to the basement of a law library with shelves full of legal scholarship that seeks to extract from the American Constitution the legally correct way of committing the United States to war. To be sure, the author recognizes that the constitutional question of "war powers" is as philosophically profound as it is politically important.

But former secretary of the navy John Lehman chose to write a breezier story. He takes us up to the captain's desk to retrace our past voyage on our ship of state as well as the acts of loyalty and courage. It is the voyage through a slice of world history in which war has not yet been abolished, a voyage by a global power whose foundation rests on democratic government and whose self-image calls for the propagation of the democratic faith. For this voyage there are no orange-colored buoys that tell the captain where peace ends and war begins.

One hundred seventy-three years before the War Powers Act was passed over President Nixon's veto (despite the valiant lobbying by John Lehman, who was then on the NSC staff), the U.S. Supreme Court issued an opinion, recalled in Lehman's book, that recognized a difference between "solemn" wars and "imperfect" wars. This distinction has remained valid to this day. World Wars I and II were "solemn," declared by Congress; and so, in a way, was the recent Gulf War, to which the book devotes its opening chapter. The Gulf War was backed by congressional action, while the intrusion into Grenada and the punitive air raid against Qaddafi were not, and did not have to be.

One of the most important conclusions in *Making War* is to be found in a sentence innocuously tucked away on page 91: "The actual uses of force by Presidents Reagan and Bush, for example, have actually been facilitated and enabled by the War Powers Act rather than restricted." From my Pentagon experience as undersecretary for policy during the Reagan Administration, I can fully subscribe to this view. The problem is not the War Powers Act, but the lawyers in the executive branch who want to have it both ways: avoid violating the act and avoid recognizing it as valid law. This approach forces presidents who make the mistake of giving too much sway to their lawyers into disastrous contortions. Lehman provides a telling case in point with his vivid story of how in the fall of 1983, the Reagan administration maneuvered itself into the ill-conceived intervention in Beirut that led to the tragic killing of 241 Marines by one terrorist bomb.

In hindsight, one might even argue that the war in Indochina would have had less disastrous consequences for the U.S. if the War Powers Resolution had been in force at that time. Instead of using the "power of money" (the topic of Lehman's last chapter) to pull the rug out from under America's war effort, Congress would have had either to stop or support the U.S. war effort at an earli-

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er stage. And conversely, if the War Powers Act had been passed before the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, the Johnson and Nixon administrations would have been reminded of the relevance of the Supreme Court's distinction from 1800 between "imperfect" and "solemn" wars. A President cannot continue to lead the nation in a major war effort that entails substantial American casualties if the war is cast as an "imperfect" one. To mobilize the necessary support among the American people for such a war the President and Congress must make a solemn vow that they are in this effort together.

One important presidential instrument for "making war" is that special kind of secret, or not-so-secret, U.S. action overseas to which the vernacular label "covert action" has become stuck. On this issue, John Lehman's book fastens onto tangential points and misses the heart of the matter. When covert action becomes a large-scale operation it cannot be kept secret. Lehman is mistaken in considering this an important flaw. The current legal and administrative provisions for covert actions do not demand secrecy; in fact, the formal name for "covert action" used to be Special Activities. Moreover, the president can designate any government agency, not just the CIA, to carry out such activities.

The most successful covert action in history was the U.S. support to the Afghan resistance. After a somewhat secretive beginning, the general scope and thrust of the Afghan program (though not every operational detail) were openly discussed in congressional hearings and in the media. If anything, this lack of secrecy may have contributed to the success. Secrecy is not essential for covert action programs to succeed, but congressional support is.

Some pettifogging reviewers have faulted Lehman for not being earnest enough about the proper confines of his topic. More sophisticated readers, by contrast, will discover something engaging in the wide sweep of Lehman's gun turrets. He does not stay fixed on the legal issue of war powers; he aims at—and hits—political targets as well. For example, one of his broadsides thunders into the excessive bureaucracy in the American government, whose growth traces back to the Indochina war. Or more precisely, this malignant growth was started by the domestic repercussions of the Indochina war—the "war" between the presidency and Congress.

Lehman calls this new bureaucracy the "Fourth Branch of Government," a vast, powerful, multifaceted network of permanent government employees who have been added to the Washington establishment since the U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam. This "fourth branch" includes, for example, 560,000 procurement officers who are the tenured (and well-meaning) government officials forced by law to maintain the elaborate obstacle course that Congress erected to impede efficient procurement by the Pentagon. The "fourth branch" within the sweep of Lehman's gun turrets also includes the quintupling of congressional staff since 1974—the unelected managers of Congress who are more permanent even than the elected members (and often more influential!). And, lastly, the gun turrets swing at the Inspectors General and their staffs, an entirely new organism that has been implanted since 1976 into nearly every executive department and agency. Oh Lord, what Ho Chi Minh has wrought in Washington! ❐

EROS AND THE JEWS: FROM BIBLICAL ISRAEL TO CONTEMPORARY AMERICA

David Biale

Basic Books / 319 pages / $24

reviewed by MARK MILLER

Soon after the creation of the state of Israel, chief Ashkenazic rabbi Abraham Isaac Kook described the relationship of body and soul in a way that was as much a departure from orthodox tradition as it was an echo of secular Zionism:

> The claim of our flesh is great. We require a healthy body. We have greatly occupied ourselves with the soul and have forsaken the holiness of the body. We have neglected health and physical prowess, forgetting that our flesh is as sacred as our spirit. . . . Our return [to Zion] will only succeed if it will be marked, along with its spiritual glory, by a physical return which will create healthy flesh and blood, strong and well-formed bodies, and a fiery spirit encased in powerful muscles.

That such an influential rabbi could attribute to a political movement an explicitly carnal dimension hints at how central and complex Jewish attitudes about sexuality have been, and that is David Biale's subject in *Eros and the Jews*. He aims "not to discover what Jewish sexual behavior actually was in the past so much as to investigate how Jews have constructed notions of sexuality . . . in the texts they produced."

But Jewish attitudes have never been prudish; our own generation is not the first to have violated the no-*chuppe*-no-*stuppe* rule. Marriage has always been part of the rabbinic solution to problems of sex, but attitudes toward it have never been monolithic. Marriage was one thing for the rabbis of the Talmud, some of whom advised postponing marriage and even toyed with the idea of celibacy, reasoning that, since God had given one only so much desire to expend, one should expend what one could in study. It was quite another for the Hasidim of the Enlightenment, who considered early marriage an antidote to passion, which could then be redirected toward the divine.

Since the rabbinate lacked enforce-

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ment powers comparable to, say, the Roman Catholic clerisy, none of the trends in Jewish sexual relations ever hardened into doctrine. Nonetheless, the forces of modernity—specifically the *Haskalah*, or Jewish Enlightenment—caused some general commonalities to emerge. As elsewhere in eighteenth-century Europe, radical ideas threatened old authority, but the upheaval among Jews was particularly thoroughgoing. For one, the imposture and conversion to Islam of Shabbetai Zevi, the seventeenth-century false messiah, had thrown the Jewish world into ferment—and the rabbinic authorities who supported him into disrepute. The Haskalah carried the predictable Enlightenment freight of throwing off old strictures of sexual repression and guilt; but the Zionists would culminate their efforts, a century later, in a communal philosophy based on the reclamation of the Holy Land. (Some Zionists considered the Zionist project an attempt to regain national sexual potency, often in a frankly literal sense.)

In broad outline, *Eros and the Jews* is a fascinating survey, but Biale stumbles in interpreting ancient sources through contemporary politics. He sees the history of Jewish sexuality as a history of power struggles, and imagines a Jewish world relentlessly divided along class lines from as far back as Talmudic times. He proposes to examine rabbinic writings as texts produced by a cultural elite as part of an effort to "exert control over those outside the elite," i.e., "the poorer, ignorant classes and, perhaps most significantly for a study of sexuality, women."

Biale's reading stems in part from his definition of the term *am ha'aretz* (literally "people of the land"), which he takes to mean the poor and uneducated. In so doing, he finds a class struggle in every rabbinic pronouncement:

> The rabbis saw themselves as an elite, distinct caste, preserving a higher state of holiness than other Jews . . . the sexual ethic [they propounded] was only really prescriptive for this narrow elite . . . the rabbis warn[ed] against marrying their daughters to the *ammei ha'aretz*.

But Biale's Manichean dialectic between the rabbinate and the "poorer, ignorant classes" doesn't wash. Rabbinic scholars were no strangers to poverty, and even if they considered themselves an elite, they certainly did not consider themselves a caste. The rabbinate was a meritocracy that anyone was free to join, provided he engage in Torah study. These distinctions are important ones: when the rabbis "warn[ed] against marrying their daughters to the *ammei ha'aretz*," or "struggled against the alternative voices of popular culture," they may well have been seeking only to preserve their communities through religion—which, after all, has been essential to Jewish survival in every age.

In his quest for "subversive" attitudes in the Bible, Biale offers as an example the Book of Ruth, which interests him mainly for Ruth's sexual aggressiveness toward Boaz (she gets him drunk and seduces him on the threshing floor), and for the divine sanction bestowed on her for it (the line of descent leads to King David). This story, Biale explains, "challenges Biblical norms" of marriage and chastity, as well as the Jewish prohibition against marriage with Moabites (of which Ruth was one). But is it possible for this or any other Biblical story to "challenge Biblical norms"? Or that the story of Ruth "at once reinforces and subverts patriarchy"?

Biale looks not only at Biblical sources but also at "alternative discourses," in which "patriarchal and antipatriarchal voices compete." He would have us accept that medieval literary genres "were not mere deviations from universally accepted norms, [but represented] a wider range of possibilities than the official literature of the legal codes was prepared to admit"; or that a man who urged his wife to have intercourse at a time when rabbinic law prohibited it was "evidently a simple Jew who explicitly rejected rabbinic norms." Biale consistently ascribes motives, not reasons, to rabbinic leadership; and political subversion, not lust, to the irreligious. Biale's post-Marxist rubric is an anachronism that casts little light on a subject that has its own logic.

Biale thus fails to explain how the immense volume and variety of ancient thought resonates in our own culture, which would seem to be the book's culmination. Why does he dispense so quickly with Freud and then use Philip Roth and Woody Allen as exemplars of contemporary Jewish attitudes? Are these two on a level with the rabbis? The scholars of the Haskalah? The early Zionists?

Rabbinic attitudes towards sex have historically walked the middle ground between celibacy and permissiveness. Examples of liberality abound: the medieval acquiescence of medieval rabbis in adolescent love matches against the wishes of parents; the *onah* laws, which "guarantee every married woman [but not man] the right to regular sexual relations"; and the rejection of abstinence by all but a few mystical or extremely pietistic movements—even though the God of Israel was the first deity in history to be imagined as without a sexual nature. In rediscovering the sources of Judaism's sexual latitude, Biale meanders into what is basically an establishment view. ❐

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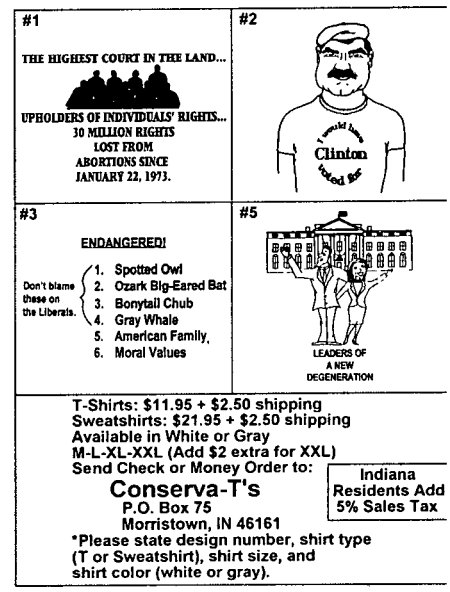

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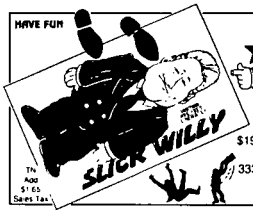

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(continued on next page)

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 10)

Rep. Christopher Cox in the article, which is accurate.

The second factor was Dianne Feinstein. She has always been a brilliant campaigner, bolstered by her justified reputation as a level head among the kooks of San Francisco politics. Lady Di ran so far to the right that she eclipsed Seymour (e.g., she endorsed a balanced budget *and* a line-item veto), who had less name ID and had no room to define himself. Senator Seymour thrashed around, spent a lot of money making charges against Feinstein that didn't stick, and in the end was reduced to embarrassingly emaciated "Republicans for Choice" rallies. By October, Seymour was dead meat, and Dianne spent her last three weeks campaigning for Barbara Boxer as though they were the Bobbsey twins—even though Feinstein had more in common with her opponent than with Boxer.

Between these two factors, Herschensohn's performance was remarkable. He came within five points of winning despite taking on over $11 million essentially single-handed. Bruce ran ten points ahead of Bush and five ahead of Seymour, in contrast to Boxer who drew only one point more than Clinton and owes that performance to Feinstein. You have to go back to 1974 to find another general election in California where Herschensohn would have lost that race, and without him on the ballot to boost turnout we might not have Representatives Bob Dornan and Bill Baker.

In the end, Ferguson is excessively pessimistic. California Democrats have always had a short shelf life on the voter rolls. Prop. 140's state level term limits, already upheld by the Supreme Court, will put the Willie Brown machine as we knew it out of business. The components of the Reagan majority still exist in the California electorate. They need only to be re-assembled, and a school choice initiative on the June '94 ballot is the nation's next Proposition 13. . . .

—Dorr H. Clark
Campbell, California

Horowitz, Queers, and Christians

When David Horowitz writes of "burnishing the agendas" in his opening paragraph ("The Queer Fellows," *TAS*, January 1993), he applies the same liberal approach to metaphors that he uses with understanding other people's ideas. In his second paragraph, he quotes an essay of mine, without crediting me, as an example of "queer theorists" who, according to Mr. Horowitz, are "malevolent" foes of "democracy," "civilization," and "nature."

Mr. Horowitz obviously is a creative writer. No one else has viewed my writing as "queer theory," but the truly original spark in his analysis was not the label he used but the meaning he saw.

Mr. Horowitz says that "radical homosexuals" are following "radical feminists" and "black power" advocates as self-appointed victims masquerading in Marxist garb, drawing their identity from the "poisoned well of the Communist past." Like the Communists, these groups believe that humans can transcend their nature and become a "self-creating species" that will "produce a super race," Mr. Horowitz says. This "revolutionary pursuit of an impossible ideal" through "socially constructed" reality always results in "totalitarian terror," he says, adding extra drama to a familiar conservative theme.

The specific "impossible ideal" pursued by queer theorists, according to Mr. Horowitz, is a "gender-free world," or a "new revolutionary people, no longer male and female, but queer."

As evidence, he quotes an essay of mine about why the singer Michael Jackson seems to be turning white and half female. In the passage quoted by Mr. Horowitz, I wrote, "In a world threatened by racial tensions and overpopulation, the survival instinct could summon a new human, one who has no single race and who, by being . . . androgynous, is less subject to the procreative urge."

True, my theory pointed to cracks in the walls between race and gender, but the generating force behind this development is not what Mr. Horowitz imagined. I said, as my quote shows, that Jackson could be responding to a summons from nature, from the survival instinct, not from an attempt at social reconstruction by a political organization. My idea is merely *descriptive* of a change that is occurring, not *prescriptive* in advocating how to achieve change. It was a theory of evolution, not revolution. But it seems that in Mr. Horowitz's hands, Darwinists magically become Marxists.

Despite his liberal ways with logic, Mr. Horowitz pays brave homage to con-

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servatism, stretching it far beyond what most people would attempt. When he argues flatly that nature does not permit radical transformation of what we are, I wonder what he would have said when our ancestors were living in water and started thinking about migrating to land. I can't speak for anyone else attacked by Mr. Horowitz, but I chose to look at a long stretch of time. On such a scale, it hardly seems "evil" to suggest that we will continue to change profoundly and that our cultures and races and gender roles, if not the genders themselves, will likewise change. *—Charles Burress*
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, California.

David Horowitz's exposure of cutting-edge homosexualist ideology reveals a profound dilemma confronting gay rights activists. Homosexualism has made deep incursions into our culture by exploiting the "politics of identity." The growing belief in innate homosexuality, even though confined to no more than perhaps 2 or 3 percent of newborns, has provided activists with their strongest appeal to the American conscience. If gays, like blacks or women, are born into their condition, then fundamental fairness must spare them from discrimination.

But the theoretical attack on "essentialism" robs the activists of their best argument. If homosexuality is a "social construct" that can be changed by choice, then the choice can also be made—or *rejected*—by those who affirm a gay identity. Why then should a "chosen" identity be granted special entitlements (a point which must have entered the mind of many Colorado voters)?

In any event, the dilemma provides us with a useful definition, not necessarily for homosexuals but for liberals. At present, a liberal is a person who believes that everything in human nature can be changed except homosexual proclivity.

—Frank S. Zepezauer
Sunnyvale, California

David Horowitz's article "The Queer Fellows" came at a time when more than a little thought and even more emotion was being generated by this volatile subject. . . . It has become one of the most serious social-agenda items facing us. . . .

I know people who are confused about their sexuality. I like them. I have deep empathy for their pain and frustration. I value their friendship. Many personal acquaintances and some of my relatives have lived their adult life with a companion of the same sex. It is obvious that they have a deep affection for each other. They are not at all strange. And when they talk of their concerns over laws that restrict their ability to hold property in common or access to a companion's benefit package I agree that their insistence on legislative reform to change this is legitimate. Such people deserve protection from discrimination of any kind.

But, when people in same-sex relationships begin to insist that their partnership is the equivalent of a heterosexual marriage and to defend the inclusion of genital activity as a totally acceptable part of what they argue, with increasing vehemence, is a viable and wholly legitimate alternative lifestyle, we must resist. There is a socially dangerous flaw in these assertions.

Mr. Horowitz, has capably shown us how, in its most radical forms, this growing movement threatens us. But, in his observation that "the conservative conclusion will be that homosexuality is normal in that it is rooted in nature" he inadvertently reveals the fundamental flaw in the "legitimate alternative lifestyle" argument. . . . Two-thirds of the world's population is hungry. Famine and starvation are "rooted in nature." Are we prepared to accept them as "normal"? . . .

Any informed observer knows that the data supporting "orientation" is inconclusive. But even if, by thorough scientific study, it could be proven that "orientation" is the source of homosexual compulsions it still remains that sexual expression is a matter of choice. Some pedophiles argue that they are compelled to act as they do. But we, rightly, insist that they not give in to their compulsions. Very few heterosexual men are "oriented" to a monogamous relationship. Whenever they encounter an attractive woman, other than their wife, they are reminded of that. But to remain faithful or not is a choice. To choose to give in to the periodic compulsion many of us know so well can bring undesirable consequences. And little in life is more pitiful than a grown man caught in the crossfire of those consequences protesting feebly, "I don't know why I did it. Something came over me." Sexual activity is and always will be a matter of choice. And for that reason we must never give it equal place alongside "race" or "color" in debates about "rights" . . . *—Jim Denison*
Calgary, Alberta

One sentence in the article "The Queer Fellows" by David Horowitz did disturb me. He wrote on page 46: "These attitudes may be 'oppressive' to homosexuals, but no more so than are Christian attitudes towards Jews as souls condemned to eternal damnation." This is not my attitude, is not the Christian attitude, is not the attitude of Christians generally, and, with respect to the Catholic Church, is a heresy and is contrary to scripture.

See, for example, St. Paul's letter to the Ephesians 3:5-6, in which he wrote: "It is no less than this: in Christ Jesus the Gentiles are now co-heirs with the Jews, members of the same body and sharers of the promise through the preaching of the gospel." *—Charles W. O'Connor*
New Haven, Connecticut

I read David Horowitz's "The Queer Fellows" with interest, but fault him for one error of great magnitude. In comparing apparent "oppressive" attitudes towards homosexuals, he states that they are " . . . no more so than are Christian attitudes towards Jews as souls condemned to eternal damnation."

I spent twelve years in Catholic schools and was never taught that anyone was condemned, in this world or after, based on their religious beliefs (excluding Satanism). Nor are my children, who attend Catholic schools, taught what I can only refer to as narrow-minded elitism.

They are taught that if Christianity includes baptism of desire, then the desire of men and women to lead good lives, to repent when they fail to do so, is a path to Christ, regardless of whether they are Jews, Buddhists, or agnostics. What we call ourselves or "profess" as our beliefs doesn't warrant the same consideration as our acts. While there are clear differences in each faith, the commonalities that define our moral selves are many.

In my parish, this commonality and understanding of different faiths is reinforced by the participation of the local Rabbi and Presbyterian Minister addressing our congregation, and by community projects in which the three participate.

It is unfortunate to me if someone as

(continued on page 74)

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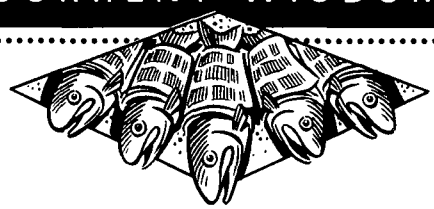
CURRENT WISDOM



Handbill

(California State University, San Marcos)

An intriguing handbill distributed to the barnyard animals that attend Cal State, San Marcos, soliciting monographs of righteous indignation from all comers save Ross Perot, Rush Limbaugh, members of the VFW, and the other 99 percent of the American people who have had enough of this 1960s tommyrot:

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Please submit all abstracts
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Terry Allison and Renée Cury
Rage Conference
The College of Arts and Sciences
California State University, San Marcos
San Marcos, CA 92096-0001

This Conference is funded in part
by the CSUSM Multicultural Center
and by the California State University's
Affirmative Action Grant

[Winter 1993]

New Republic

The gruesome after-effects of overexposure to undergraduate sociology, as exhibited on the printed page by Mr. Eric Konigsberg, leading light among the Angry Young Twits:

Money is no longer enough. Hassle-avoidance is the privilege that most effectively distances the individual from the necessities of democratic living. Thus it corrupts the notion of equal citizenship even more effectively than mere disproportionate accumulation of wealth. The daily civic experience of waiting for buses, filling out forms, caring for your own kids, even having your own mundane thoughts is the stuff of which some kind of civil equality is made. The search for a hassle-free life is ultimately an attempt to shirk personal and social responsibilities of all kinds.

[March 1, 1993]

Santa Barbara News-Press

The onerous price of patriotism, paid by Mr. Joel Slater, embodiment of the Spirit of 1776:

Joel Slater dismissed the United States and now he's paying the price.

He isn't a criminal or a draft dodger, just an outspoken footnote to the Reagan era.

Slater renounced his U.S. citizenship five years ago after American forces bombed Libya.

It was a passionate moment of free speech—almost an echo of the spirit that sent tea into Boston Harbor and fueled the American revolution, he said.

But dissent doesn't come cheap.

Since renouncing his U.S. citizenship in Australia in 1987, Slater has been deported by various countries four times. . . . He's now in Santa Barbara: Home to the man he blames for turning America mean and the vacation spot of his possible savior.

"This is Reagan's backyard, and I renounced my citizenship under Reagan," Slater said Wednesday. "Bill Clinton has a vacation home here, and maybe he can reinstate my citizenship with an executive order."

[December 10, 1992]

Nation

On a cool, clear winter day, the famously banal mind of John Leonard beholds The Artist, who becomes magician, thence a problem child, a hedonist, no, an aesthete, no a shrink—hold on—archaeologist, no, a "stormbird," and finally John Leonard, insufferable fool that he is, comes down with the shakes. It should be at least a misdemeanor to let this literary catastrophe anywhere near a writing instrument, even if his infantile excursus is printed only in the *Nation*:

A vigorous nation invests in the arts not because it's cost efficient (a sort of seeding for a gross national product of mystery and magic) but because that's how we dream our Republic. These difficult people constitute an antimarket: Their business, instead of selling short, is to surprise us. If we could imagine what they will do next, we wouldn't need them, and we do, not only for pleasure and beauty, or to bind up our psychic wounds, but to bear witness and discover scruple and imagine the Other—all those archeologies of the unspoken and enciphered. And they are also stormbirds, early-warning systems on the seismic faultlines of the Multiculture, before the cognitive dissonance and the underground tremors convulse us.

[February 1, 1993]

North Shore

(Peabody, Massachusetts)

An excellent culinary recommendation from Mary, reader of *Ms.* and distinguished member of one of old Peabody's most ancient and armigerous families:

Re: North Shore Sunday, Nov. 22, page 9 ad for Seabrook Greyhound Park's Turkey Giveaway:

I really have to tell you that this ad scrapes the bottom of the barrel. It is only a cultural and speciesist bias that permits the murder each winter of millions of turkeys. Why not eat eagles?

To be born a turkey in our society sen-

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tences a living creature to a short, miserable lifetime of unspeakable horror. . . . Are we so desensitized that we no longer understand that turkeys, too, are living, sentient creatures whose ancestors once lived free, satisfying lives in wild nature?

This ad is also doubly offensive because it promotes an industry that causes the destruction and misery of tens of thousands of healthy greyhounds each year.

It is unfortunate that all the press cannot go the Ms. Magazine route and be beholden to none, but this ad—for me—crosses boundaries that are unacceptable.

A new world order—if it comes to pass—must include the animals, too.

—Mary de La Valette
Lynnfield
[November 29, 1992]

Washington Post

Syed Rizwanuddin Ahmad writes to say that Allah is merciful, or at least big on crime prevention, or better yet, a believer in the gold standard:

As an admirer of Ralph Nader, I want to congratulate Mark Green for his excellent piece "Caveat Emptor and Then Some" [Business, Nov. 29]. But I was shocked and disappointed by the reference to "Pakistani justice," in which he mentioned chopping off hands. Green seemed to be making fun of Islam and Pakistan. As a Pakistani citizen living in this country for about two years, my general impression of average Americans is that they have very little knowledge of Islam and Muslims.

For the benefit of your readers, no thief has had his or her hands amputated in Pakistan—although constitutional amendments that allowed this punishment were made in 1985. The aim of punishment in Islam is crime prevention, deterrence and rehabilitation. There are certain important criteria that have to be met before an Islamic punishment can be carried out. Briefly, the punishment of amputation of hands is applied after the following conditions are fulfilled: (1) The person who has committed a theft must be a sane adult. (2) He must not have been compelled to commit a theft. (3) He must not be hungry while committing a theft. Similarly, the stolen property must be valuable, owned by someone, must be in possession of the thief and must value at least 1,058 grams of gold. If two persons jointly steal the equivalent of 1,058 grams of gold, then neither's hands are amputated.

[December 12, 1992]

Nation

Mary Gordon limns an exquisite plan of New Age Urban Renewal that has the added benefit of ridding our society of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of parasitic artists through the human expedient of street crime:

In a move that could connect public works programs with the support of the arts, the NEA should change its system of funding. Artists should be given housing and studio space in major cities, and subsidies to enable them to live there. This could revitalize some blasted urban areas—historically, artists have moved to unsavory places and turned them in the public mind from derelict to chic. And it would give artists a way of brushing up against one another in a place that allows for more unorthodox behavior than the academy does.

[February 1, 1993]

Toronto Globe & Mail

The primordial rites of fatherhood as practiced in progressive Somerset, England, by David, an obvious lunatic:

The womb compartment is filled with four litres of hot water and two lead weights. It looks and feels like a cross between a flak jacket and Madonna's stage suit. Wearing it for 10 minutes or more can lead to backache, shortness of breath and increased blood pressure. It is a pregnancy simulator for men.

"Take a deep breath in and blow it right out. Now hold onto your bulge while I position your breasts," childbirth educator Kate Dixon tells David, a 29-year-old insurance underwriter. She is transforming him into a pregnant man with the help of an Empathy Belly.

David's heavily pregnant wife Yvonne looks on with evident glee. "I sometimes have to remind the women that we're not looking for revenge," says Ms. Dixon.

There are seven couples gathered in Ms. Dixon's farmhouse in Somerset, in the west of England, for their weekly prenatal class. Ms. Dixon, a 31-year-old mother of three, has used the belly with about 100 couples over the past year.

The Empathy Belly is made of waterproof canvas, weighs 12 kilograms and, according to the manufacturer, enables the wearer to experience more than 20 of the typical symptoms of pregnancy. The belly was designed to encourage expectant fathers to empathize more deeply with their pregnant partner.

"The first thing men do is have a quick feel of the breasts," Ms. Dixon remarks as David gropes at his new form.

[February 6, 1993]

San Francisco Chronicle

With sarcasm and prim reason, the ever thoughtful Kathleen Clark prescribes Brussels sprouts and endive for those unfortunate carnivores now resident in San Francisco County's hoosegows:

Let me see if I understand this correctly—the county of S.F. uses inmate labor to grow vegetables to give away to charity, and then uses tax dollars to buy prepared meals that are more expensive and less nutritious to feed prisoners?

Even if this weren't lunatic economics, anyone who has ever gardened knows that allowing someone all of the joy of growing something from seed to fruit and then denying them the final blessing of eating it could only be called cruel and unusual punishment.

[November 21, 1992]

Spare Change

(Boston, Massachusetts)

The curious boasts of an obvious sexual harasser who will come to no good end despite his devotion to progressive educational techniques and the New Darkness:

Most of my students have trouble with the idea that a book—especially a textbook—can lie. That's why I started my U.S. History class by stealing a student's purse.

As the year opens, my students may not know when the Civil War was fought or what James Madison or Frederick Douglass did, but they know that a brave fellow named Christopher Columbus discovered America. Indeed, this bit of historical lore may be the only knowledge class members share in common.

What students don't know is that their textbooks have, by omission or otherwise, lied to them. They don't know, for example, that on the island of Hispaniola, an entire race of people was wiped out in only 40 years of Spanish administration.

FINDERS KEEPERS.

So I begin class by stealing a student's purse. I announce that the purse is mine, obviously, because look who has it. Most students are fair-minded. They saw me take the purse off the desk so they protest: "That's not yours, it's Nikki's. You took it. We saw you." . . .

I make one last try to keep Nikki's purse: "What if I said I discovered this purse, then would it be mine?" A little laughter is my reward, but I don't get any takers; they still think the purse is rightfully Nikki's.

"So," I ask. "Why do we say that Columbus discovered America?"

[undated]

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well educated and astute as Mr. Horowitz believes that this type of religious exclusion, and hatred, is prevalent today. Or perhaps I'm just very fortunate in that I have never seen any evidence of it.

—Joanne DeBlis
Santa Ana, California

David Horowitz replies:
I do not regard Charles Burress (or Michael Jackson for that matter) as a queer theorist. Fellow travelers, perhaps, but even that would be to take them too seriously. When Burress writes, "In a world threatened by racial tensions and over-population, the survival instinct could summon a new human, one who has no single race and who, by being . . . androgynous, is less subject to the procreative urge," he is not writing descriptively and is hardly talking about an evolutionary process that will take eons to unfold. In fact, he is talking nonsense. Let's skip the evolution from crawly creatures in the water to homo erectus (about which neither he nor anyone else knows very much or can speak with any real authority) and skip to the period when we have records of how human beings thought, felt, and acted. In the 3,000 years since the *Iliad* was written, what profound changes does Burress discern in our human attitudes toward each other, toward procreation, toward sex and gender?

On the matter of Christians and Jews, I probably should have written "*some* Christians." Sorry about that.

The Social Security State
In "Demagoguing the Deficit" (*TAS*, December 1992) Karl O'Lessker made an important beginning in clearing up a good deal of the misinformation about the real issues regarding the deficit and our financial problems. After all of the misleading ravings by people like Warren Rudman that "entitlements" are bankrupting the nation and that getting "control" of Social Security is the way to solve the deficit, it is nice to see some truth in print. . . .

On the other hand, O'Lessker seems to have lost his bearings on some important points. . . . He claims that the reason that today's workers may not receive an equivalent level of benefits when they retire is the high benefits paid to today's retirees, when, again, his figures show that, even at the levels of today's benefits, the fund will have a surplus of $5.5 trillion in 2025 when today's workers will be retiring. He later contradicts his original claim when he admits that "none of the money saved now by cutting benefits or raising taxes will go to meet those liabilities. Instead, it will be used, as it is today, to pay the government's other bills, leaving the taxpayers and retirees of the future not one penny better off."

The real message that those government officials, who claim that the money will "not be there" in the future, are sending us is that they intend to default on their obligation to pay back the money they have illegally taken from the fund. It's interesting that in the case of the S&L bailout, when the money was stolen by others, the term "full faith credit of the United States Treasury" meant something, while in the case of money stolen from the SSI retirement fund by our own government, it apparently doesn't. Maybe we should force our government officials to deposit the SSI fund money in commercial banks where they would be willing to insure it.

The American people have not yet caught on that the 1983 SSI tax increase was a scam. The malefactors told us that they did it to save the fund, then they stole the surplus and are now trying to cover up their crime by telling the young the lie that it is the old who are stealing their future. The real effect of the tax is that it inverted the progressive nature of the tax code, to the point that a working person earning under $50,000 a year now pays a marginal rate that is more than 7 percent higher than Ross Perot's. A lot of liberals attacked Jerry Brown's flat tax proposal as being too regressive. The truth is, it is not nearly as regressive as the tax system they are defending: the one we have now.

—Sanford Thier
Irvine, California

Karl O'Lessker replies:
I'm grateful to Mr. Thier for his kind words about the main thrust of my article, but I think he may be a bit unfair to the policymakers who enacted the 1983 Social Security amendments. The fact is, the OASI (*not* SSI—that's an entirely different program) trust fund was just about empty when President Reagan and Congress got together on a bailout plan: In early November 1982, OASI had to borrow $581 million from the disability and hospital insurance trust funds to pay benefits on time; the following month it had to borrow another $13.5 billion to carry it through the first six months of 1983; and by July of that year, absent some kind of rescue operation, it would be flat broke. So the people who voted for the 1983 amendments had compelling reason to do so, quite apart from any devious intent to build up a huge trust fund surplus to pay government's other bills. . . .

One final point needs to be clarified. The fact that the trust fund surplus *may* reach $5.5 trillion by 2025 is a separate issue from whether, in my words, "today's retirees are getting far more out of the system than they put into it." They most assuredly are (as will I, God willing, a couple of years from now). To be precise, as a Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis study in 1982 showed, workers who retired at age 65 during the 1980s could expect to receive, on average, every cent they and their employers had paid into the trust fund—plus interest—within 64 months. But life expectancy for that cohort of retirees was 82. This meant almost twelve years of actuarially "unearned" benefits, or 170 percent more than they had contributed—a bonanza that could be financed only by today's workers, who may or may not receive an equivalent level of benefits when *they* retire. The fact that the Treasury is "borrowing" from the OASI surplus to meet current bills is certainly deplorable, and it will pose bitterly hard political problems for policymakers two decades hence. But neither that fact nor the prospective size of the trust fund surplus reduces the amount of unearned benefits that past, present, and soon-to-be retirees are receiving from the system.

Tragic Irony
The article "Berkeley Barbs" (*TAS*, February 1993) concerning the *Daily Cal*'s reasoning for censoring a pro-life advertisement was filled with a tragic irony. The paper compared the reliability of "Students For Life" to those who deny the Holocaust—yet in its arrogance and ignorance denies the holocaust of the fetus; i.e., "little one."

—Rev. Dale Pritchard
Our Savior's Evangelical
Lutheran Church
Hillsboro, Illinois

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American Spectators . . . m[redacted] observers.

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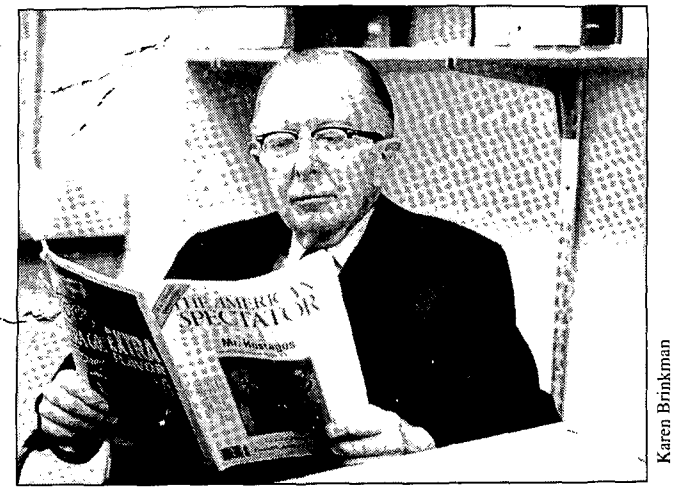

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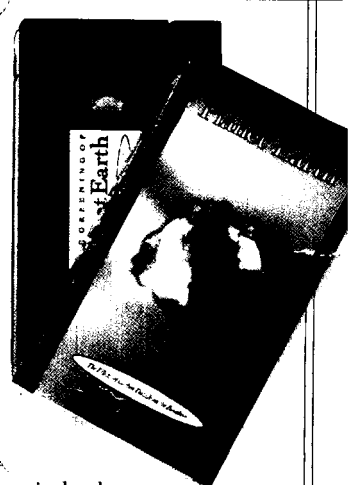

Premiered in October 1991, nearly 10,000 copies of *The Greening of Planet Earth* are circulating worldwide. Inferences drawn from research presented in the video remain unrefuted. In articles last year in *Scientific American* and the *EPRI Journal*, questions were raised about the positive impact of CO_2 on the biosphere but the research relied on in both articles looks solely at laboratory experiments with root-bound potted plants.

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